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REAGAN!
eni, Vidi, Vincam

JULY 25, 1980

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE TRUE HORROR OF SOVIET INTERNAL EXILE

Victor Herman
Fred E. Dohrs

ROY E SMITH
PO BOX 1779
COLORADO SPGS CO 80901

TREACHERY IN THE MIDDLE EAST: CAN WE TRUST THE SAUDIS?

Peter Lubin

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: WM. A. RUSHER ON NIXON ◆ JOSEPH SOBRAN ON DONAHUE ◆ ARNOLD BEICHMAN ON *THE SPIKE* ◆ NICHOLAS KING ON DE GAULLE ◆ JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY ON SOLZHENITSYN

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Why tax capital gains when America needs more capital for new jobs?

The capital gains tax is stifling investment and killing incentive. Never has there been more convincing evidence.

Two years ago, Congress realized that investment incentives were needed to stimulate capital formation and employment. So it reduced the maximum capital gains tax rate from 49% to 28%.

That was a step in the right direction. But it's still not enough:

The Real Rate of Return on a 100% Profit After Capital Gains Taxes*

	Under Previous 49% Capital Gains Tax	Under Current 28% Capital Gains Tax	Under Proposed 20% Capital Gains Tax
INFLATION RATES			
1) 2.3% (1960s)	3.5%	5.4%	6.1%
2) 7.1% (1970s)	(1.1)	0.7	1.3
3) 18.0% (March, 1980)	(10.3)	(8.6)	(8.0)
4) 10.0% (?)	(3.7)	(2.0)	(1.4)

*Investment held 7.2 years.

Take a close look at line 3 in the chart above. It shows what happens to an investor who doubles his money in 7.2 years (the average holding period for stocks).

As you can see, at an 18% inflation rate, the investor would experience a *real loss of 8.6% per year* under current tax laws.

Now suppose inflation were to drop to 10% (as we all hope it will). Line 4 of the chart shows that our investor would still have a 2% *annual real loss* after taxes.

And even if the maximum capital gains tax rate were reduced to 20%, as has been proposed in Congress, the capital gains tax would still confiscate all the investors' profits, and then some.

Clearly the tax must be eliminated.

Capital gains taxes are especially damaging to the growth of small business and the generation of new jobs. Between 1969 and 1976, over 80% of all new jobs were created by companies with less than 100 employees.

With small businesses accounting for most of America's new jobs, we can't afford a tax that stops investment in small business. And this has happened, as follows:

Equity Capital Raised by Companies Having a Net Worth Under $5 Million

	Maximum Capital Gains Tax Rate	Number of Stock Offerings	Funds Raised in Constant 1980 Dollars ($ MILLIONS)
1) 1969	25%	698	$2,869.5
2) 1975	49%	4	23.2
3) 1977	49%	13	54.8
4) 1979	28%	46	201.1

As you can see, when the capital gains tax was raised from 25% to 49%, there was a staggering decrease in new stock offerings. And, when the tax was lowered in 1979, that trend reversed, and the number of new offerings (and new jobs) began to grow – just as expected.

But the chart also shows that we're still lagging far behind 1969 levels.

It's time for Congress to again act in the interests of all of us. It's time to eliminate the tax that still stands in the way of capital formation, economic growth, and new jobs.

At W. R. Grace & Co., we urge you to write your elected Senators and Representatives and tell them to:

1. *Eliminate all taxes on capital gains.*
2. *Stop the unprecedented government deficit spending which has become a major source of inflation.*

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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In 1974 the PLO had, in the judgment of Soviet rulers, "arrived." Now Western leaders seem to agree. *Brian Crozier*

883 The True Horror of Soviet Internal Exile
In the Gulag lexicon, "internal exile"—the penalty recently meted out to the Sakharovs—sounds mild indeed, compared to the alternatives. But it plays its own special part in breaking the dissident. Near-total isolation from his accustomed milieu, total dependence on others for the necessities of life, and day-to-day desperation combine to make him a different man—even, considering the alternatives, a grateful man. *Victor Herman and Fred E. Dohrs*

887 Can We Trust the Saudis?
"Stable," "friendly," "moderate": so the Carter Administration insistently characterizes the Saudi regime, and so the Saudis present themselves. And yet it was they, at the recent meeting of Islamic nations, who sponsored the resolution damning as "American military aggression" our attempt to rescue our hostages; they who continue charging the West extortionate rates for cheap oil; they whose short-sighted greed threatens to bring collapse to Western economies and destruction even on themselves. *Peter Lubin*

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Letters

American Heritage

NR's fine Independence Day issue [July 11] was welcome for two reasons. First, Messrs. Forrest McDonald and Harry Jaffa, writing on Alexander Hamilton and the equality phrase in the Declaration, respectively, have examined subjects which conservatives have generally avoided or disparaged. McDonald's picture of Hamilton as a man who wanted to spur the productive capacity of the new nation shows him to be perhaps our first "supply-side" economist. And though Jaffa has yet to convince me that equality was the supreme value of our Founders, his essay should provoke us to reconsider an issue which too many "knee-jerk" conservatives toss aside. And secondly, it was pleasant to sit down with *NR* and ponder the great political tradition which we Americans have inherited. Thanks.

Arthur Milliken
Cleveland, Ohio

Cleansing the Faith

Thank you for the articles concerning the "Siberian Seven" ["Down and Out in the U.S. Embassy," Aug. 31, 1979; "The Guests in the Basement," March 21, 1980]. The media seem strangely unaware of these two Russian families. Possibly the media subscribe to Dr. James Tinney's thinking. In his journal, *Spirit* (Vol. 3, No. 2), Tinney states: "we should not . . . encourage dissidents in socialist countries (such as the Pentecostal family still holed up in the American Embassy in Moscow after more than a year) to become refugees or emigrants. We should rather encourage Pentecostals everywhere to cleanse their faith of Western accretions and use it to promote the tasks of nation-building and political conscientization indigenous to their respective countries." Somehow we never seem to hear of the necessity to cleanse the faith of Marxist "accretions."

Steven L. Knapp
Stevensville, Mich.

Addendum

A dropped sentence in my piece on Representative Kelly ["The Current Wisdom," June 27] may have created a misunderstanding. After describing the impressive defense fund for Representative Frank Thompson, another Abscam target, I wrote: "Recalling that story, we asked Kelly last week if he had organized any comparable effort. 'No,' said the congressman from Disney World, 'but I have received approximately $100 in unsolicited contributions.' "

Neal B. Freeman
Washington, D.C.

Numismatics

Re "Blanketing the Shroud" [May 30]: I have, hermetically preserved between the pages of an old NATIONAL REVIEW, a picture of my Labrador retriever, revealing a coin placed on the right eye of the dog. The coin can be identified as a zinc penny, minted during the Presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Roosevelt went out of office in 1945, but coin specialists assert that such coins were minted only in 1943.

Well, that pretty much does it. My Labrador was in fact Sergei Rachmaninoff, who died March 28, 1943.

Stop the presses.

William J. Schiffel
Birmingham, Mich.

Thou Hast Conquered

Contrary to Ralph de Toledano's assertion in *Devil Take Him*, as quoted by Aram Bakshian Jr. in "Deviled Egos" [May 30], Constantine's nephew Julian the Apostate (A.D. 331-363), and not Constantine himself (A.D. 280-337), was the emperor whose last words are alleged to have been *"Vicisti, Galilæe."* Perhaps Mr. de Toledano confused this tradition, recorded by the fifth century ecclesiastical historian Theodoret, with the better-known tradition, related by Eusebius, of Constantine's vision before his battle with Maxentius at Saxa Rubia (A.D. 312).

Emily A. Rudd
Newbury Park, Calif.

Sins of Omission?

Your May 30 editorial on national repentance falls short of *NR*'s usually impeccable standard of seriousness on religious and theological matters.

The specific example cited, a call by the Methodist Bishop of Michigan for the American people to repent of what that clergyman calls their sins against the people of Iran, is silly on the face of it, I agree. I question the editorialist's correctness, however, in going on to dismiss as well the doctrine to which the bishop was appealing, a doctrine *NR* sketched as follows: ". . . nations are corporate entities, in whose failings all citizens are implicated. Citizens must labor for the nation's salvation, too: repenting for public policies is a matter of public policy. The pray-ers become in effect the 'real' leaders of the nation."

Many devout and thoughtful Christians would argue that this reasoning is as valid in the 1980s as it was in the days of the prophets. No less a present-day prophet, in fact, than Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has devoted an impassioned essay to that posi-

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FOOD CRUNCH

We've all experienced the fuel shortage and most of us were unprepared. Will you be prepared for the food crunch?

We all take our food supply for granted. And for ood reason. Americans have always had lenty. But we may be heading for one of the ıost serious periods in our history. Let me xplain.

Back in 1963, I was driving home listening to ıy car radio. My wife asked me to stop by the upermarket to pick up some milk before I came ome. It was during that long drive to the super- ıarket that I first heard that John F. Kennedy ad been assassinated. When I got to the super- ıarket, the place was jammed. Hundreds of ousewives, in the midst of their grief, were ocking to hoard food in case there was some- ıing serious behind the assassination.

Within no time, the store shelves were bare nd I had realized something very interesting bout human nature. When our security is ıreatened, the first thing we do is think of urvival. We think of food.

I was so impressed by what I saw, I never orgot both the assassination and the scene at ıe food store.

Then about eight years ago, I met a friend who howed me a new food he had purchased. He ook some dry-looking flakes out of a can, added ater, and heated it up. It was delicious. He xplained that it was a new process that his ompany had developed that dried out food, ermetically sealed it, and simply by adding ater and heating, the original flavor returned to he food.

I remembered 1963 and the food panic I had itnessed. I realized that the food I had just asted could be kept for years as insurance gainst ever being without food.

U.S. MONEY USELESS!

In a major economic collapse, those that sur- ive are those who control the food. History has ıroven this. Money is useless.

If America would ever experience a major dis- ıster or serious depression, the public could iot, the stores would be looted and money, gold ır anything else would hold little value. Survival ould be key.

I'm not suggesting that America is in for a total collapse or an enemy attack. But many of us were not prepared for the recent fuel shortage ınd would have found it hard to believe just a ew years ago.

After eating the food my friend had prepared, I decided to commit myself to developing one of the most extensive lines of what I call survival food.

You might call it insurance. You can store a year's supply in a closet and always know that if anything ever happens, you're insured with something money couldn't buy.

THE BIG BREAKTHROUGH

The food I sell is good tasting, nourishing, dehydrated food. But, frankly, you may be skeptical. You may have the mistaken idea that these foods must be blah tasting, or a substitute for the real thing. That is until you taste it. You will be surprised at how delicious it really is. In fact, if you were having dinner at my home, you wouldn't know you were eating dehydrated foods unless I told you!

Some items can be eaten right from the can. Like my crunchy banana chips or tasty apple slices. With others, all you do is add water, rehydrate and cook like any other kind of food. It's easy to prepare. Simple as A-B-C!

You can enjoy these foods today or twenty years from now. Not so with other kinds of food. Canned foods soon spoil, are bulky to store and can cause deadly botulism. Packaged or boxed foods are quickly destroyed by air, moisture, and bad weather — not to mention larvae infestation and rodents. Frozen foods are quickest to go bad; for when an emergency arises, often electric power is off.

The only logical answer is my dehydrated foods. They are perfect for long term storage. You can easily store a year's supply in your pantry or closet. No refrigeration is needed. It's lightweight and easy to move. You get great variety ... over 100 different foods to choose from.

THE SECRET REVEALED

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Then by using new space age technology and modern thermal gradient dehydration methods, up to 98% of the water is removed. No other changes occur in the process. The nutrients are not cooked out, as in canned goods, and the flavor is not altered.

The major difference between my foods and fresh food is the water. Since water has no taste, removing it does not alter the flavor.

I package the food in special cans that are manufactured to my precise specifications.

New, automatic, stainless steel filling equipment is used to electronically measure, weigh, and fill the exact portion of food needed for each can. The air is then removed and a positive charge of our own unique mixture of nitrogen and other inert gases is used. This helps to achieve what we call SSA (stabilized storage atmosphere). The essential nutrients are locked in and freshness is preserved. It also insures an incredibly long shelf life.

All labels on the cans must meet the strict food standards of local, state, and federal FDA codes, and are regularly inspected for content and accuracy.

If you are like the average American, you probably have only enough food on hand to last a few days. When you need it most, it may be too late to get it. It makes a lot of sense to have a supply of my foods on hand. And, with inflation destroying our dollar, it may be one of the best investments you'll ever make.

HERE'S MY OFFER

Let me send you some to try for yourself at no obligation whatsoever. Request our sample case of six different popular food items and send $39.50 plus $2.00 for postage and handling. I'll ship your order along with a *free* copy of the best selling "How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years" by Howard Ruff plus a free copy of an exciting new cookbook which contains tasty new recipes for cooking with dehydrated foods. I'll also send with your order *free* information on our complete line of foods and a helpful food storage guide.

You're never going to know just what you're missing unless you place your order quickly and try these foods. Now, suppose you enjoy my food and want to order more, even a full one or two year's supply. You can, just by calling my toll free number or sending your order in the mail. I will have it delivered right to your doorstep. If you have questions or want expert guidance on buying a food program, I have trained nutritional experts ready and willing to discuss your needs with you on the telephone.

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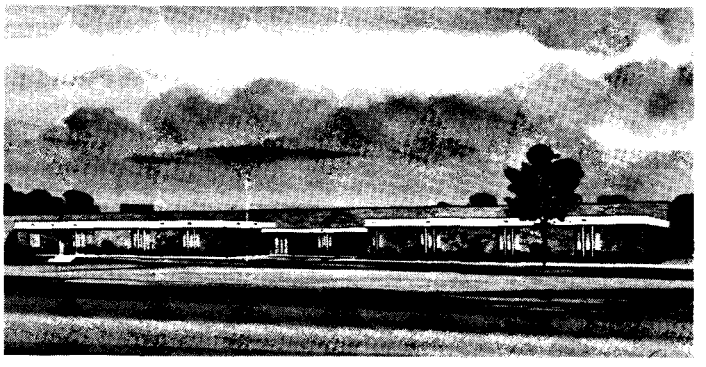
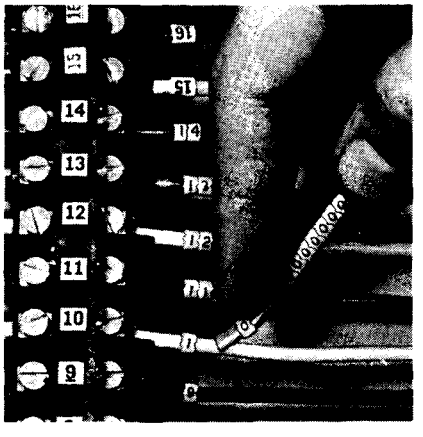
Freedom to grow, Brady style



Despite the erosion of our dollar overseas and a wide range of economic problems at home, we at Brady take the long view with cautious optimism. Our growing international operations now include Australia, Belgium, Canada, England, France, Sweden and West Germany. Here at home, we have recently completed a new manufacturing plant at Merrimack, New Hampshire. Construction of our new technical center in Milwaukee (above) is under way.

These marketing, manufacturing and research activities go hand in hand with growing product lines in all of our divisions. The demands of our customers and our own research create new Brady products designed to help make information clearer, work safer, products more attractive, work more productive.



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tion, in the manifesto of the Russian dissidents, *From under the Rubble* (Little, Brown, 1975).

That his immediate case study happens to be history's worst totalitarian state, the Soviet Union, only strengthens the doctrine's universality as far as the chronicler of Gulag is concerned. "Even when the majority of the population is quite powerless to obstruct its political leaders, it is fated to answer for their sins and their mistakes," Solzhenitsyn writes.

This halting disciple would only add: Whether "citizens must labor for the nation's salvation" or not, each one must still labor for his own salvation, and from one end of Scripture to the other—nowhere more so than in Christ's own sermons and parables—I, at least, read grave warnings against smug Pharisaic sins of omission.

John K. Andrews Jr.
Englewood, Colo.

Homophobia

Why must *NR* consistently offend many of its readers with irrelevant gratuitous insults to homosexuals?

I refer to Joseph A. Rehyansky's "Selling the Brooklyn Bridge" [June 27], an otherwise excellent bit of coverage of a speech at the University of Virginia by Vladimir Shustov, a Soviet delegate to the UN. Yet, the opening paragraph of this article referred to "United Fruit Week" and to a "hog-wallow of heightened consciousness," and linked Shustov's visit to a local Gay Pride Week activity. And the heading of the article was "Perverts and Commies," although no relationship was ever established in the article to justify such a title (except one, perhaps, that exists only in Mr.—I should say "Captain"—Rehyansky's mind).

Such persistent homophobia on the part of *NR* serves only to make gay conservatives all the more likely to emerge from their closets and to add their voices to gay activist causes.

Apparently, Rehyansky has his own security policeman in his head, one who keeps *his* stereotypes rigidly in line.

Jere Real
Lynchburg, Va.

Rhode Island's Return

I would take issue with your editorial "The Three-Way Race" [June 27], which states that Reagan "sees that very few states are unwinnable—perhaps only Georgia, Rhode Island, and the District of Columbia." Rhode Island has a good chance of going for the Governor. In radio poll after radio poll conducted by station WEAN, conservative viewpoints just about always win. For instance, twice when the ERA came up, the opposition outpolled the proponents (also, the Republican Women voted not to support it); on two separate issues involving the culpability of Richard Nixon, the former President was vindicated. Pro-

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life positions have consistently won over pro-abortion positions, and Jimmy Carter's actions usually poll fewer votes than alternative options.

Reagan won all but one Rhode Island delegate to the convention. Rhode Island has elected a Republican senator (an ultra-liberal one who suddenly sounds conservative), and the popular mayor of Providence is also Republican. Of course there are strong blocs of labor and Catholic voters here who would vote Democratic no matter who was running; nevertheless, Jimmy Carter lost badly to Kennedy, and many of those voters will stay home or vote against Carter in November. It's Ronald Reagan all the way—even in little Rhode Island.

Alice McNellis
Barrington, R.I.

Attention Jody Powell

Neal B. Freeman's article on presidential press conferences ["The Current Wisdom," May 30] was hilarious. There is not too much to laugh at in politics today. Mr. Freeman has an unerring eye for satire and I look forward to seeing more of him in NATIONAL REVIEW.

Jody Powell should—but probably won't—read this very funny article.

Charles Price
San Francisco, Calif.

The Perils of Freedom

Your editorial "Henry Miller, R I P" [June 27] culminates in these sentences: "Miller was an avatar of freedom . . . part of a cultural movement which expanded the individual's options. From that perspective, it is rather fitting that he was a neighbor of Ronald Reagan in Pacific Palisades, California."

One is made to feel that any "expansion of individual options" is absolutely a matter for congratulations. Dostoyevsky knew better, and I recommend that *NR* give more attention to him. His work amounts to a huge and terrifying portrait of the human race at a time that indeed had written the expansion of the individual's options on its banners, and the banners are blood-red. All of Dostoyevsky's characters bear the mark of the "men from the underground" who brazenly stride where angels fear to tread. All exist in peaceless excitement. In a few cases, however, Dostoyevsky has followed the ultimate logic of their freedom to the point where *all* options are available, "everything is permitted." His Stavrogins, Kirillovs, Ivan Karamazovs push on, only to end in demonic nothingness. On the political plane, Shigalev cannot escape the conclusion: "Starting from unlimited freedom, I arrive at unlimited despotism." On the spiritual plane, Ivan Karamazov meets face-to-face with the archon of hell and hears himself proclaimed both a devilish kin and a wretched victim.

Human freedom is beset by a terrible ambiguity. It is by no means an indubitable good that can be worshipped without mortal danger. It simply will not do to imply that Ronald Reagan's aspirations are of the same kind as those of Henry Miller.

Gerhart Niemeyer
Notre Dame, Ind.

Defense Options

The article by Donald Rumsfeld, "The U.S. in a Dangerous and Untidy World" [June 27], deserves high praise as a succinct and candid statement of our problem.

However, Rumsfeld perpetuates a dangerous flaw in the continuing examination of our strategic position. One often hears of the long lead-times for high-technology weapons. Thus, as Rumsfeld says, ". . . today we face a certain vulnerability in the early 1980s because of lead-times, regardless of what is done today."

New high-technology weapons systems, almost by definition, do have long lead-times. But lead-time is only one constraint in choosing among weapons, and there exists a whole range of options to enhance our strategic capability in the near term, options which bridge the gap between our dangerously weak present position and the systems which Rumsfeld so correctly insists must be deployed as soon as their longer lead-times allow.

Such short-term solutions include continued upgrading of the much-maligned but still potent B-52, creative strategic use of carrier-based fighter-bombers, more air-to-air-refueled medium bombers—viz., the FB-111—and quick development of an air-to-surface cruise (not a long-lead-time item) using the above-cited in-service delivery vehicles. We must even consider dusting off the B-58 and some of our mothballed heavy surface fleet as floating missile platforms. These are complex subjects, and all of the above suggestions have drawbacks. Still, if these weapons were quickly retro-fitted and creatively used, they would have to be taken seriously by the Soviets.

There are alternatives to taking our lumps and crossing our fingers until the late 1980s. Let us not become slaves to our own technological prowess. Let us instead apply some old-fashioned American ingenuity to a problem which, like all problems, goes unsolved only because we lack the will to solve it.

James W. Child
Jenera, Ohio

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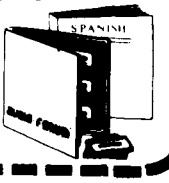

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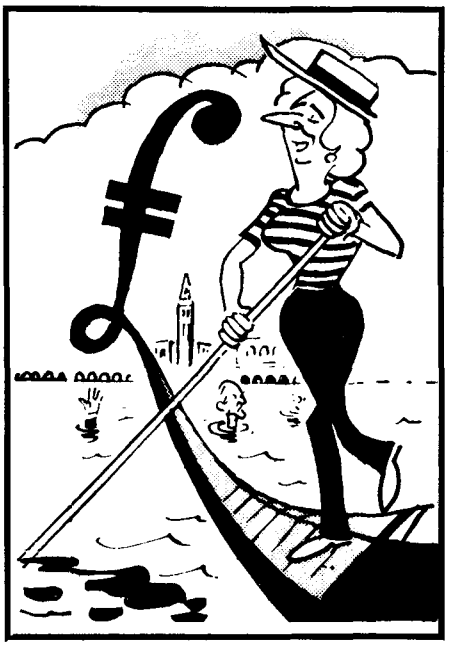
FOR THE RECORD

■ Going into the Conventions two professional political analysts—Left and Right—had **Ronald Reagan** winning the election. **Evans and Novak**'s early July rundown gives Reagan 396 electoral votes (270 needed to win), to 120 for **Carter** (down from 212 a week earlier), to 22 for **Anderson** (up from zero a week earlier). **Alan Baron**'s count was different, but came up with the same winner: Reagan 297, Carter 160, Anderson 77. Both Baron and E&N believe Anderson is well ahead in **Conn.** and **Mass.** . . . But there's heavy weather ahead. **Kevin Phillips** finds talk of Republican unity "absurd" when "the Rockefellers, Lodges, and Eisenhowers are signing up with Anderson." **George Lodge** (**Henry Cabot**'s son) is Anderson's stand-in running-mate in Mass., and **Milton Eisenhower** his stand-in running-mate in Va. **Laurance** and five other **Rockefellers** have contributed to the Anderson kitty. . . . **Al Barkan**, head of the AFL-CIO COPE, is touring the country warning that a Reagan election will mean "a flood of anti-labor legislation that will make Taft-Hartley and Landrum-Griffin look like pro-labor acts." . . . And the New Right isn't helping. Says **Paul Weyrich** of the Free Congress Committee in the July *Conservative Digest*: "Reagan is a slightly better than average Republican who will, unfortunately, bring many of the tired old Eastern Republicans back to Washington."

■ More bad news in the defense field. A little-publicized report by Gen. **Richard Ellis**, commander of the Strategic Air Command, says that in the three years of the Carter Administration the U.S. has fallen behind the Soviet Union in strategic power—and will remain behind for the next few years. . . . Meanwhile, after ten years in construction, the Soviets have launched a mammoth **700-foot submarine** in a White Sea shipyard. Its equipment includes fifty launch tubes for cruise missiles. . . . Sen. **Sam Nunn** (D., Ga.) is desperately worried about the volunteer army; says Army Sec. **Clifford Alexander** is covering up its shortcomings. "The military is not an armed WPA," says Nunn, "and we must not permit the U.S. Army to become a Job Corps equipped with tanks and nuclear missiles."



Jon, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"Paddling her own canoe."

■ Other races: In complicated New Hampshire senatorial race where a large field including a half-dozen conservatives is fighting it out for the honor of taking on Democratic Sen. **John Durkin** in November, the two most recent polls show three candidates—Former Atty. Gen. **Warren Rudman**, a moderate, and conservatives **Anthony Campaigne Jr.** and former Gov. **Wesley Powell**—bunched close at the top of the list. Campaigne is a former *NR* staffer. . . . Most recent S.D. polls show **George McGovern** trailing Rep. **Jim Abdnor**, 58 to 32 per cent. . . . In the tight Connecticut primary, former Sen. **James Buckley**'s campaign was given a boost last week by the endorsement of **Gerald Ford**. Buckley is running against State Sen. **James Bozzuto**. . . . And in Oregon, Republican challenger **Dennis Smith** has moved within six points of Rep. **Al Ullman**, the very influential chairman of the House Budget Committee, a gain of forty points in nine months.

■ They gave an **Olympics**—and very few came. Latest figures show only 35,000 of the expected 125,000 Westerners and Japanese will attend the Moscow Olympics, which translates into a loss for the USSR of an expected $150 million in hard currency revenues. (Olympic visitors are few even from nations that are sending teams to Russia.) . . . In fact, the 200,000 **militiamen** brought into Moscow to make sure there's minimum contact between Muscovites and foreigners may outnumber the visitors. . . . The **metal detectors** and **X-ray machines** used to monitor every entrance and exit to Olympic hotels and stadiums were, incidentally, made in the U.S.A.

■ A suggestion for those lazy summer afternoons in the hammock, from the *Daily World*'s offering of "interesting books from the **Soviet Union**." *Kampuchea: From Tragedy to Rebirth*, *Soviet Gymnastic Stars*, or, perhaps, *The Truth about Afghanistan* by Lenin Prize for Literature winner, **Leonid Brezhnev**.

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THE WEEK

■ Pre-Shah traditions are making a big comeback in Iran, Ramsey Clark will be relieved to learn. Four sex offenders, two men and two women, were buried chest-deep to be stoned to death. Before you could say, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," the Islamic judge threw the first stone. It took 15 minutes to finish them off, but then the jurors' arms may have been a little rusty. Wait till they achieve their midseason form.

■ Nobody at the convention batted an eye when the Democratic candidate for governor in a Midwestern state accepted his party's nomination "with the utmost humiliation." Looks like a Republican year.

■ Representative Les Aspin (D., Wis.), although no hard-liner when it comes to Soviet military affairs, has concluded that the Soviet explanation for the epidemic of anthrax in Sverdlovsk is just plain bunk. After first claiming that nothing was wrong, the Soviets said that the outbreak was gastric anthrax caused by contaminated meat. But intelligence information given to Aspin's subcommittee contends that the epidemic occurred after an explosion at nearby Military Compound 19, and that it was *pulmonary* anthrax, the far more lethal variety used in biological warfare. The large number of deaths suggests that the Soviets were producing large amounts of anthrax spores, forbidden in a 1975 biological weapons treaty signed by the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

■ The Supreme Court has ruled that new breeds of life can, like other human inventions, be patented. The bug at issue is an oil-slick-eating bacterium, a useful little critter that expires when it has done its job. The Court's decision raised the predictable Haunting Questions among people who apparently think the Court is an ethical rather than a legal tribunal; but both sides in the litigation agreed with the justices that the point at issue was a narrow one. The legislative branch remains free to outlaw the manufacture of virulent forms of life. No doubt the expansion of technical possibilities will eventually pose moral problems, but probably none that aren't in principle involved in long-familiar practices like artificial insemination; or in Phil Donahue stuff like women bearing babies for childless couples, in return for cash payment.

Stoned

Wrap them in linen and
  Bury them so
Half of their torsos
  Continue to show.
Pelt them with stones just as
  Hard as you can.
That's what adultery
  Draws in Iran.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Senator Edward Kennedy recently staged a subcommittee hearing designed to support U.S. arms control policies. *Mucho* testimony about the horrors of atomic war. Such testimony gestured toward, but did not confront, a major implicit point. The U.S. policy of mutual assured destruction invites maximum exposure to such horrors. That concept is what inspired relinquishment in the SALT I treaty of a substantial U.S. advantage in ABM weapons. It has also prompted U.S. unilateral neglect of civilian defense.

■ EQUALITY MARCHES ON. In response to "recent judicial, legislative, and regulatory developments," the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association-College Retirement Equities Fund (TIAA-CREF) has proposed the adoption of "merged-gender" mortality tables for determining pension rates. In other words, the fact that women live longer than men may no longer be taken into account, and men will be paid smaller pensions for their fewer years of life. As we go to press, actuarial tables are still based on the fact that more old people die than young people. Watch for further "developments."

■ Meeting in Washington, the American Family Forum (sponsored by the Committee for a Free Congress) drew hundreds of people for several days to hear such speakers as Phyllis Schlafly, George Gilder, Jerry Falwell, James Hitchcock, and *NR*'s Joseph Sobran. A mixed bag? Yes indeed, and therein is the (largely unreported) story. The gathering marks what may be the most powerful political coalition now afoot: traditional Catholics and Protestants, from the grass roots to the academies, burying old suspicions in pursuit of common goals. Unlike the widely publicized White House Conference on the Family, AFF was unhindered by any questions as to whether a houseful of deviants constitutes a family. Its fusion of intelligence and fervor suggested a special moment of awakening—of consciousness-raising, if you will. Like Mrs. Schlafly, who has almost single-handedly stopped ERA cold, AFF folk have realized they have to by-

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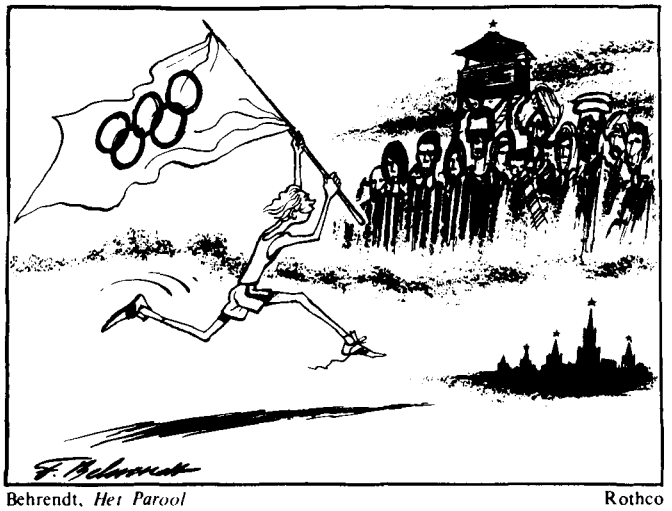
pass timid institutional leaders if traditional morality is to be effectively defended in the political arena.

■ The June 30 issue of *Business Week* is subtitled "The Reindustrialization of America." It's a special issue, devoting a hundred pages to a splendidly clear and comprehensive analysis of America's economic position in the present world. Major articles are devoted to the loss of competitive strength, diminished innovation, reduced savings, stunted productivity, incoherence of governmental policy, failure to sell overseas, short-term corporate thinking, financial reports skewed by inflation, obsolete plants, managers who don't venture, labor negotiations built on confrontation, expectations that can't be met. The issue concludes with an equally comprehensive set of policy recommendations for government, management, and labor.

■ To the delight of Senator Dole, Ronald Reagan has reaffirmed his opposition to the grain embargo because of the hardship it imposes on American farmers. According to Dole, Mr. Reagan plans to lift the embargo if elected President. Reagan's reaffirmation comes on the heels of reports of strikes in at least four different areas of the Soviet Union, and all the strikes can be directly linked to food shortages caused by the American grain embargo. Workers in Togliatti, Chelyabinsk, Minsk, and Naberezhnye Chelny have gone on strike to protest shortages of meat, milk, and butter (in some places even cabbage—a staple—has disappeared from the shelves). The situation is so grave that Politburo members have even ventured from Moscow to the troubled areas to prevent the unrest from spreading. While we understand the political pressures being brought to bear on Mr. Reagan, a man of his resourcefulness should be able to rescue America from Carterism without rescuing Communism as well.

■ In Yugoslavia, human-rights advocate Jimmy Carter paid tribute to the late President Tito as "a great man, one of the greatest of the twentieth century." Meanwhile, in Washington, Carter's chief inflation fighter, Alfred Kahn, called for the tax cut his boss had first denounced as demagogic and simplistic when Ronald Reagan called for it. The reason for the switch: inflation, Kahn explained, is now under control. It's down to a mere 10.9 per cent, or over twice as high as it was in 1976, when fiscal-responsibility advocate Jimmy Carter called it "a disgrace." There must be few men in democratic politics whose words have had so frivolous a relationship to reality.



Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

■ WHEN YOU CALL ME THAT, SMILE DEPT. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the Democratic senator from New York, recently printed a piece in the *New York Times* in which he describes a sizable number of his Republican colleagues in Washington and the fifty states as "wild jackasses"—that is to say, sons of the "sons of the wild jackass." They, you will remember, included Senators Johnson, Norris, and La Follette, who went to Washington in the Twenties from the wide-open Western states, smelling of sweat, with clay on their boots, espousing a distinctly Populist philosophy and ranting against the Interests and the Eastern Republican plutocrats then in command of the GOP. But now, says Moynihan, it is the Democratic Party which has become the "Party of the State," and the Republican Party which claims, with increasing plausibility, to represent the American working man, the little fellow. Not only that, says Moynihan: the Republican magazine *CommonSense*, founded two years ago, is full of new and invigorating ideas the Democrats simply are unable to match. Beer and Liberty *versus* Soap and Socialism. The Democrats, Moynihan is clearly suggesting, could use a few of those "simplicities" now emanating from Pacific Palisades.

■ "The idea of open government so permeates the Bill of Rights that the Founders didn't even articulate it," began the *New York Times* editorial on a Supreme Court ruling. The same paper's columnist Anthony Lewis hailed "a large first step in the development of a new constitutional doctrine." Venerable or spanking new, the Court has come up with a doctrine, namely that—as Justice Stevens put it—"an arbitrary interference with access to important information is an abridgement of the freedoms of speech and of the press." Not only courtrooms but other government agencies must be open to the public and press. Sounds good, but how far do you take it? Does this mean that reporters will be permitted, someday soon, to make notes and tapes during the Court's own oral arguments?

■ Cathy Wilkerson, who survived an SDS bomb-factory explosion in 1970, has turned herself in to the

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fuzz. She apparently is unrepentant. Her lawyers are called Elizabeth Fink and Margaret Ratner, we kid you not. More, undoubtedly, will follow.

■ Miss Eydie Gorme, singer, has propounded a new racial theory that is simply dazzling to her peers in the loftier realms of intellection. Said Eydie, on a visit to San Francisco, "Everyone here is so smart, as they are in New York. But as you get closer to the center of the country, the people get dumber and dumber. For some reason, people living near the ocean are smarter." Please, don't anyone breathe a word of Miss Gorme's theory to the Feds. A hundred billion clams a year wouldn't cover the damage. Imagine, a thousand new aid programs for disadvantaged inlanders. Lend-lease for the landlocked. An ocean in every garage. IQ tests weighted for oceanic proximity and fresh salt breezes. Federal asylums for the incurably Midwestern . . .

■ Want a free coloring book featuring Jimmy and the Carters? Write the White House. Busy as they are with Afghanistan, Iran, inflation, energy, the Soviets, and other minor problems, Administration staffers are always glad to take time out for all the folks who like to play with crayons.

Jimmy Sings 'Mother'

M is for the missiles that may save you;
O means only that they're growing old.
T is for the taxes that I gave you.
H is for your house when it's ice-cold.
E's for the economy. (I'm *trying*.)
R's for each and every refugee.

Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,
A word that means one vote for me.

W. H. VON DREELE

A Mission to Moscow

President Leonid Brezhnev's springtime letter in answer to Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's initiative for talks about medium-range nuclear missiles is said by those who have read it to have presented a deft combination of complaint and cajolery. In part, the Soviet chieftain's missive reflected hurt feelings over being misunderstood regarding Soviet actions in Afghanistan —actions undertaken, he asserted, at considerable sacrifice and in friendship, for the purpose of responding to a beset neighboring country's cry for help. The letter was indignant over West German recklessness in being receptive to aggressive U.S. designs for deploying in Europe 472 ground-launched cruise missiles and 108 Pershing II ballistic missiles capable of reaching targets on Soviet soil. Then, in milder tone, the letter shrugged off frictions and differences as natural parts of international life—nothing, really, to let stand in the way of peaceful coexistence.

Such a letter could leave no doubt that the Chancellor would not return empty-handed. What he has brought back from his summer mission to Moscow consists of an expression of Soviet willingness to negotiate. An earlier peremptory demand for outright European rejection of the U.S. plan for countering the Soviet Union's burgeoning SS-20 missiles is put aside—along with a Soviet insistence on U.S. ratification of the SALT II treaty—as pre-condition to parleying. Afghanistan's name did come up. The Chancellor did have his say on it. Concurrently, the German Federal Republic signed what is officially described as "a long-range agreement to foster economic and industrial cooperation between Moscow and Bonn"—a handsome offset to West German alignment with the U.S. on the Olympic boycott in a protest against the Soviet invasion, and to whatever the Chancellor said to Brezhnev face to face, even if he used, as in the past, the adjective "unacceptable" in describing Soviet conduct. Whatever he said was censored by TASS.

Superficially considered, what Brezhnev and Schmidt have agreed to leaves West Germany free to move ahead, along with the other U.S. allies concerned, in preliminary phases of the missile-modernizing program, which would not begin to take material effect for two or three more years, anyway. The actual effects may well be quite different. Reluctance to proceed with the funding of armament programs whose size and continuity are the focus of international negotiations is standard behavior. The Soviet Union, with fine calculation, may well have succeeded in throwing a monkey wrench of sorts. Meanwhile, whether or not the European allies and the U.S. are tempted into hesitation, the Soviet Union will be proceeding with its emplacing of triple-warhead SS-20s—with their three-thousand-mile range—adding at a rate of one per week to an aggregate already estimated between 120 and 150. Whatever negotiating may lie ahead, the Soviet Union presumably will not finally contract itself into anything without U.S. ratification of SALT II. That point adds to the potential for driving a wedge between the United States and its West German ally as well as others in NATO. The considerations for not proceeding with SALT II—cogent as they are at the Capitol—are generally not understood by European allied governments, almost entirely dependent on the Administration's biased interpretation for their own appraisal of the treaty.

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The central significance of the Schmidt mission to Moscow is that a major European ally of the U.S. has undertaken on its own to open parleying with the Soviet Union concerning NATO performance under Article 3 of the North Atlantic Treaty. How much of a precedent has been set—how much of a rift may be opened up in consequence—is an imponderable question, for so much depends on election outcomes in the near future here, in West Germany, and in France and on myriad other circumstances. A foreboding circumstance is the Soviet Union's existing advantage in the strategic equation in the European theater—and the prospect that the advantage will be steadily aggrandized as negotiations unfold in the years ahead.

Big Bad Bucks

This year, the Federal Government will be giving $29.4 million to each major party to spend on its presidential campaign. As with most federal largesse, there are strings: the Republicans and the Democrats are restricted to what Uncle Sam gives them; they may not raise any money on their own, or spend beyond the limit.

In 1976, however, the Supreme Court ruled that the relevant law applied only to the parties. Private citizens or groups retained the right to raise campaign money on their own, so long as they spent it without consulting the official campaign organizations. Five independent groups of Reagan supporters have been formed for this election, hoping to raise $50 million all told.

This was too much for the sensitive nostrils of Common Cause. "Congress sought to put behind us forever the old pre-Watergate abuses of the power of money in elections," explained Archibald Cox, Common Cause chairman. "The so-called independent expenditures threaten to unravel that whole system of laws to eliminate the influence of money." Common Cause is now suing to banish the evil.

Rhetorically, Cox's choice of Watergate as a trope was maladroit (though to be sure his moral posture suggests that he is permanently fixated on 1973)—for Watergate was pre-eminently an abuse of government power, and the existing federal spending laws, which Common Cause lobbied so aggressively for, seek to bring political spending under government control. Government control, in any area as sensitive as politics, inevitably means control for the benefit of those who constitute the government. Perhaps when John Anderson's request for a piece of the action is refused —as Eugene McCarthy's was refused in 1976—some liberals will begin to see the point.

Don't count on it, though—so long as they still have a chance of sticking it to Reagan. For this is the real animus behind the Common Cause suit. Reforms aren't supposed to benefit right-wingers. They're supposed to help goo-goos, college profs, save-the-whalers —Common Cause types, in fact. Cox should take his "so-called" and stick it in front of "citizens"—as in "Common Cause, the citizens lobby."

Hell No, He Won't Glow

President Carter, as we noted in our last issue, met in Venice with six other heads of state where he endorsed the following statement: "We underline the vital contribution of nuclear power to a more secure energy supply. The role of nuclear energy has to be increased if world energy needs are to be met. We shall, therefore, have to expand our nuclear generating capacity." Perhaps it was only the sea air, or the intoxicating effect of the Titians; for when Carter came home he accepted a somewhat different plank from his party's platform committee: "Through the Federal Government's commitment to renewable energy efficiency, as alternative fuels become available in the future, we will retire nuclear power plants in an orderly manner. The NRC shall issue no licenses or permits for new nuclear plants until the Kemeny Commission recommendations are fully implemented." The wording was a compromise, designed to avoid even more rabid language proposed by the Kennedy faction.

President Carter is not a dunce. If he is not, as he told us four years ago, a nuclear physicist and personal friend of Hyman Rickover, he at least knows that America needs nuclear power. Moreover, he has said so, before Margaret Thatcher and five other witnesses. The debate over nuclear power is bitter and confused. Three Mile Island gave every Luddite a free ride, while the facts that might embarrass them (many of them buried in the technical report of the President's own Kemeny Commission) continue to go ignored. If the President expects to reverse the trend and fulfill the pledge he made at Venice, he will have to show some leadership. He's flunked the first test.

Encore

The director of the Selective Service System is making contingency plans to reactivate local draft boards, the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends will support conscientious objectors, the ACLU has filed suit, Morton Halperin's son won't go—and suddenly it all seems like yesterday.

The resumption of draft registration recalls the early days of the Vietnam War in one other respect—

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crucial aspects of strategy and intent remain undecided or undisclosed. We offer a few thoughts, to help fill in the gaps.

1. *Sending a message.* The chief avowed reason for registration is to assure the Soviets of our national will. Curiously, most of Carter's assurances on this score—the Olympic boycott, the proposed grain embargo, registration—take the form of penalties on particular groups of Americans. The need is urgent enough, and the burden small enough, that we can and should afford them. But wouldn't an aggressive stand at the Madrid rights conference, or a neutron bomb, or a rifles-for-Afghans program make the point more clearly?

2. *The quality of the army.* Our soldiers are widely alleged to be undisciplined and incompetent. Junior officers are fleeing the services in droves. Wellington called his troops "the scum of the earth, enlisted for drink," and they beat Napoleon; on the other hand, they didn't have to run tanks or helicopters. A draft might bring the middle classes back into the army. A bungled draft, insufficiently motivated or poorly explained, would drive them away altogether.

3. *The nature of the army.* Military men always win the last war. Without the draft, the Normandy invasion would have been impossible. But what kinds of wars have we been fighting for the last 35 years? What kind of war is the next one likely to be?

4. *Politics.* Reagan, Carter, and Anderson have all come out against a peacetime draft, with good reason. The presumption of a free society must be against coercion, except in time of crisis. So a crucial question for any congressional or presidential candidate must be: what is his understanding of a crisis? If one comes along, does he have the ability, and the guts, to explain it to his constituents?

More, Please

The teachers, massed in martial ranks,
Have roared the President their thanks.
With "Carter! Carter!" in their throats,
They're giving Jimmy all their votes
For showing how, when times were grim,
To salivate like Tiny Tim.

W. H. VON DREELE

Courtship

The Supreme Court's mixed bag of rulings on abortion and affirmative action have at least one consistency: they show that the Court is reluctant to challenge Congress too directly.

In a ruling on the Hyde Amendment, Potter Stewart, for the 5 to 4 majority, reiterated the right to abort, but drew a distinction between having a right and having its exercise subsidized. Even so, you could almost hear him sigh as he explained, "It is not the mission of this Court or any other to decide whether [the Hyde Amendment] is wise social policy. If that were our mission, not every Justice who has subscribed to the judgment . . . could have done so. But we cannot, in the name of the Constitution, overturn duly enacted statutes." It is hard not to feel that the Court's swing vote was due to a natural reluctance to inflame both anti-abortion sentiment and the Congress that pays for the judiciary's groceries. In any case, the Court did for once uphold the paramount constitutional issue—Congress still enjoys the power of the purse—while, incidentally, withholding public monies from the nation's grisliest trade.

At the same time, the Court has made it easier for individual citizens to bring suit against the states, so that other restrictions on abortion funding may be subject to legal harassment. The Hyde ruling may yet be in for some judicial slicing, once the present uproar has passed.

On affirmative action, the Court has held that Congress acted constitutionally in setting aside 10 per cent of federal contracts for minority-run businesses. It is not yet clear whether people will be permitted to designate their own ethnic identities, on the you're-black-if-you-say-you-are principle which Eleanor Holmes Norton has advocated to one journalist, or whether we will have to set up racial review boards on the South African model.

But apart from ducking another fight with Congress, the Court has gone far to reverse the understanding behind the original desegregation opinions: that race is not an appropriate category for public policy. The decision also flouts the individualism that underlay the old civil rights movement: what was deemed unjust was the denial of rights to any person on racial grounds. Any alleged group compensation would never have been held to justify a single act of injustice to a deserving man. The rigidity of bloc politics obscures what has happened to the ultimate minority, and the proper focus of any concern for minority rights: the individual.

Who May Speak (For Israel)?

Anthony Lewis recently called attention to an opinion of Rabbi Sol Roth, president of the Rabbinical Council of America. According to Rabbi Roth, "For American Jews to exercise the right of offering advice [to Israel] and then to assign [to it] the risks involved is unconscionable." Roth had been horrified

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by an open letter addressed by ninety American Jews to Prime Minister Begin, publicizing their concern over the Israeli government's intransigence in the matter of the West Bank settlements, the PLO, and the designation of Jerusalem as the eternal capital of the state of Israel. The Rabbi conceded the signers' right to disagree with Begin, but argued that that right should have been exercised only "in the privacy of the Prime Minister's office."

Put aside, for the moment, that the Palestinian people have rights which cannot fairly be denied (and indeed are only *being* denied by Menahem Begin and his extremist allies), and the even plainer fact that the existing government of Israel is not doing its part to further the Camp David agreement. What is most startling in Rabbi Roth's argument is his claim that American citizens, having offered gratuitous advice to Israel, may then sit back and leave to their ally the ensuing risks. A more perverse reading of the situation can hardly be imagined.

Last week Cynthia Ozick commandeered a special issue of *The New Leader* to upbraid the Carter Administration, moderate American Jews, and what she contemptuously calls "non-Jewish Jews" for having created a climate in which Israel could be sold down the river, in which Jews are "all at once afraid to be Jewish in America," and in which they feel "exposed, insecure, there are signs." This was a disturbing piece of demagoguery, wholly unconvincing to anybody who is not already convinced of the notion that where Menahem Begin leads, all righteous men must follow.

Two Half-Wits

A piece by Lord Chalfont in the London *Times* describes the United States as being "in a period of national neurosis, characterized by a bizarre apprehension that it is in some way immoral and even dangerous to provide oneself with an effective capacity for military action." The result, according to his account, is "a temporary paralysis of will." The prospect is that "even with resolute action . . . to restore the strategic balance . . . there will be a period of great danger in the late 1980s." Those dour observations have led Drew Middleton, in the *New York Times*, to reflect upon widespread European "doubts about the ability of the United States to lead in a military confrontation with the Soviet Union."

The important thing is not to dwell upon the malaise but to remedy it. On this side of the Atlantic, the paramount consideration is to renew general awareness of the United States' singular role as a factor in the NATO alliance, not only in the measure of palpable resources but in intangibles as well. The relationship among palpable factors in a combined effort is generally additive. In the moral dimension, the relationship is multiplicative. Thus, two half-wits in combination produce not a full-wit but a quarter-wit result. By the same token, three cowards together can generate a panic. In an essential way, the NATO alliance can prosper as a strategic undertaking only with the United States functioning at full moral and material capacity. If the United States remains below that requisite level, the deficiency will not, because it cannot, be redressed through compensatory actions by other members.

Circumstances have cast the United States in that critical role. This is a thought to be kept in mind when someone suggests that our doing less can be offset by the others' doing more. That is not to say that others should not do more—a separate point. It is only to recognize anew that the United States is the core of the alliance. If it lets down, the alliance as a whole must falter and fail.

Life in Afghanistan

Just six months into the war in Afghanistan, one fact is already established: the Kremlin has lost the battle for the hearts and minds of the Afghan people. In a stunning series of dispatches from Afghanistan, Bruce Loudon, the London *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in Kabul, has documented the Afghans' utter detestation of the Soviets.

Babrak Karmal, the supposed ruler of the country, is never seen in public. His Soviet masters have supplied him with a Russian secretary, Russian valet, Russian driver, and six Russian bodyguards. His fellow-countrymen view him with a contempt even deeper than their contempt for the Soviets. When Loudon asked an Afghan teacher where Karmal lived, the teacher replied: "He lives in the Russian embassy. He lives in the lavatory. He cleans the ambassador's lavatory." His estrangement from his people is so complete that even his father refuses to see him.

Despite the vast Soviet military presence, anti-Soviet "death squads" stalk the streets of Kabul searching for Soviets or Afghans sympathetic to Karmal's puppet regime. Loudon tells of seeing a funeral for two such Afghan fellow-travelers, the governor and the inspector general of police from Bamiyan. The governor had been beheaded, and the inspector general was hacked to death.

Out in the countryside, the rebels are inflicting increasing numbers of casualties on the Soviets. It is estimated that there were well over a thousand Soviet casualties in May. "Coffin flights" from Kabul to the Soviet Union are growing more frequent; the wounded, however, are taken to East Germany or Czecho-

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slovakia, to prevent Soviet citizens from drawing the obvious conclusions. Yet, for every Soviet soldier killed or wounded, the rebels suffer about ten casualties of their own. And when the Olympics end, the Soviets are expected to turn their full attention to pacifying the country, which they may be able to do only by depopulating it.

To Whom It May Concern

"I should like to offer some thoughts on problems that have been troubling me and discuss the way they appear to me here in Gorky.

"Questions of war and peace and disarmament are so crucial that they must be given absolute priority. Negotiations on disarmament are possible only on the basis of strategic parity. The countries of the West must do everything necessary to maintain this parity, or, in some categories, to regain it—not allowing themselves to become victims of blackmail and demagogy as in the campaign against American missiles in Europe.

"Of equal urgency is a peaceful settlement of 'hot' conflicts. . . . Economic and political sanctions are extremely important. In particular, the broadest possible boycott of the Moscow Olympics is necessary. Every spectator or athlete who comes to the Olympics will be giving indirect support to Soviet military policies.

"Recent months have been under the shadow of events in Afghanistan and Teheran. The reaction in Europe has not been as consistent and united as, in my opinion, it should have been. One could read assertions in the press of the following type: 'Let Carter worry about it. We have our own problems.' Recently, the West German author Günter Grass issued a statement in this spirit. The Soviet press delights in quoting such statements. The anti-Americanism of certain representatives of the West European intelligentsia would be merely amusing, given their show of exaggerated sensitivity, if it were not so harmful.

"[Meanwhile] the consciousness of broad masses of the [Russian] population has been deformed by a number of factors: decades of totalitarian terror . . . old and new prejudices . . . the lure of a relatively good life after generations of havoc . . . the constant need to wheel and deal, to scheme and break the law . . .

"Everything is as it was under the system of power and economy created by Stalin. The leaders carry on the arms race, concealing it behind their talk of love and peace. They interfere in troubled areas around the world in order to increase prestige, to strengthen the nation's power, and to ensure that the guns don't get rusty. . . . Inside the country, these are times of ever greater repression. . . .

"I live in an apartment guarded day and night by a policeman at the entrance. He allows no one to enter but family members, with a few exceptions. . . . There is no telephone in the apartment. I am unable to telephone Moscow or Leningrad even from the public telephone bureau at the post office. The call is immediately disconnected at the orders of the KGB agents who always follow me.

"A radio-jamming facility has been set up in the apartment building, just for me. In order to listen to the radio, it is necessary for my wife and me to go for walks at night with a transistor receiver. While we are out walking, the KGB agents are in our apartment damaging the typewriter and tape recorder or searching through our papers. . . .

"This article is being taken to Moscow by my wife. Recently, someone appeared at the door of my mother-in-law at 5:30 A.M., describing himself as an officer of the KGB. He warned that if my wife did not stop her trips back and forth from Gorky and stop inciting her husband with anti-Soviet statements, they would take certain measures. Every time my wife leaves, I do not know whether she will be allowed to return safely. I urge those who speak out on my behalf to keep this in mind. It is impossible to foresee what awaits us. Our only protection is the spotlight of public attention on our fate by friends around the world.

"A. Sakharov, May 4, 1980, Gorky" (published in the *New York Times Magazine*).

C. P. Snow, R I P

Charles Percy Snow, a delightful social presence to all who knew him, stumbled uncomprehendingly into a peculiar role in mid-twentieth century culture.

Trained as a physicist, but never first-rate, Snow became influential as a scientific bureaucrat in Whitehall, but he also aspired to the career of a writer and produced a substantial quantity of novels, essays, and plays. His reputation as a writer rests on his novels, the first of which appeared in 1932. Collectively they might have been entitled *Man in Committee*.

That notion is meant not as denigrating, but as defining. Make no mistake about it, the leadership class of Western managerial society—business, government, foundation, academy—spends much of its time in one "committee" or another, working things out, enjoying unheroic triumphs and suffering unmomentous defeats, making institutions work for yet another day, month, quarter. Snow described this experience in a workmanlike prose.

He had, however, a commanding illusion, born of ignorance. It was that his own "scientific-literary" career could somehow be a paradigm for modern culture, that somehow the scientific, bureaucratic, and

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literary realms of contemporary experience could be fused.

Snow possessed a thoroughly Victorian sensibility. He gazed with total incomprehension on the larger demand made on experience by the modern masters —Eliot, Lawrence, Pound, Proust, Hemingway, and the rest. In Snow's imaginative world, there was no Mr. Kurtz, no Decoud, no Jake Barnes, no Jay Gatsby, no Charlus. If the modern masters strove to extend our sense of possibility, i.e., of freedom, Snow —and it is fair to say he did so inadvertently—tried to contract it.

Snow wrote about the "corridors of power" as if he were Anthony Trollope writing about parish politics. The fact is that the most advanced scientists today have more in common spiritually with the great modern masters than Snow imagined. There is not much freedom in Snow's fictional world, because his powers of imagination cannot demand it: there are no great sins, and therefore no redeeming love, very little joy, and not much fun. If his novels might have been called *Man in Committee*, they also could have been called *The Limits of Decency*.

Snow died at 74, well content, though a Laborite, to be Lord Snow. He sent his only son, unapologetically, to Eton. He was a genial Horatio and wonderful company, but there are more things in heaven and earth than he ever suspected.

Helen Gahagan Douglas, R I P

Helen Gahagan Douglas performed in German provincial opera, got her name onto Broadway marquees, and scored some cinema successes, among them memorably the name part in H. Rider Haggard's *She*. Not the stage but politics was the focus of her highest aspirations, but the two callings somewhat fused in her mind. A supreme moment for her came at the Democratic national convention in 1944 in a speech superbly projected to a nationwide radio audience. Elected to the House of Representatives from a California district, she did less well. Her wont was to dramatize legislative issues as contests between obvious right and unmitigated wrong, with herself invariably cast as heroine. The act palled on her legislative colleagues, so that her espousal tended to become a drag on her side of any issue. "We admire you as an actress, but we wish you'd learn some role besides Joan of Arc," a committee chairman once advised her. Overreaching for the Senate, she lost out to Richard Nixon in 1950, and thereafter fortune never dealt her an opportunity for a comeback. Whether Nixon overdid grievously in accusing her of affinity for Communist causes is an unanswerable question. According to her own explanation, confided to the author of these notes, her outlook on public issues might have been affected by early indoctrination in "philosophic anarchism" but never by Marxism. There the matter can rest. Her dramatic talent and zeal exceeded her political judgment, and she is dead now at age seventy-eight.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

When you appointed me *NR*'s Snippy, Vicious Humor Editor back in 1972, I never dreamed that one day a lady from Austin, Texas would accuse me of East Coast Establishment bias ["Notes & Asides," April 4]. Feh! I feel unclean.

Hell, I've contributed more snippy, vicious humor to *NR* than the whole Establishment combined. Not to boast, but my stuff is consistently the snippiest, most vicious of the lot, and at times astonishingly tasteless, too. Who else would warn President Ford to stay away from Lincoln Center? Who else would dare label the two great citadels of the East, BigApolis and Porcine, D.C.? Who else would obit Harry Truman, back in the Watergate days, in six unpublishable words: "36 down and one to go"?

What the lady doesn't realize is that you can't even get a decent grade of vicious humor in the East any more. About all you have left out there is a medium-quality snippy. If you want the really vicious stuff, you come out here to Indiana.

In fact, that's the secret of good vicious humor today: stay out of the East. I write my stuff in an old farmhouse outside a small corn-and-beans town in Indiana. My nearest neighbor is five hundred yards away, and I've never found out his name in ten years. The nearest culture is "George and the Country Junction" trying to imitate Nashville music at Lloyd's Lounge, beer 70¢ a bottle, hog fries and catfish free with your drinks. The lead guitarist is named Buck, the second guitar is Luke—do they sound like graduates of the Wharton School? Austin is a lot closer to the East Coast Establishment than I am.

But perhaps Barbara Barnes and other readers would like further evidence that we're not all running dogs of effete Eastism. I have some to offer.

Smarting from these hard charges, I did a modest statistical survey of all my contributions last year (1979), to see what geographic bias might emerge. There was none.

Specifically, I submitted 239 items in all, or about

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nine or ten per issue. Of these, 54 were on themes with no geographic implications. Another 76, all hostile, that's the spirit, concerned the periodic eruptions of the Federal Government.

The remaining 109, about half, can indeed be pinpointed. They cover 53 different areas, foreign and domestic, of which only eight are on the Eastern Seaboard. Of the domestic items, only 18, a paltry 16.5 per cent, are attributable to the East, and these are hardly flattering to the Establishment. Some 83 per cent, five out of six, had nothing to do with the East at all. And none, *mirabile dictu*, used an untranslated foreign phrase or mentioned dog macaroni.

Conclusion: No East Coast bias. Miss Barnes is wrong. Case closed. As ever,

Timothy J. Wheeler
RR 3, Box 127
Shelbyville, Ind.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am indebted to you for an obvious and direct bit of advice rendered some time ago after I inquired how and where to seek employment with an organization dedicated to conservative activities.

You simply suggested that I place an ad in *NR* (my wife had recommended a billboard along the old Boston Post Road).

My initial reaction to your advice was: "What the hell did I ever bother him with this for and wasn't it nice of him to answer with anything at all?" But I decided to give it a try.

Locking myself in the den one evening with everything I have that you ever wrote, the very last bottle of Sloppy Joe's Havana Rum filched from my grandmother's trunk, and the attack goldfish, James, I set out to write the ad.

Several hours, two yellow tablets, and one goldfish later I realized I was taking it all too seriously and asked myself: "How would WFB write this ad if he had my baggage?" That did it. Thirty seconds later my task was complete.

I doubt it read as an answer to the question posed above, but it ran for one issue and led to the job I wanted.

Thanks for the prod and the long-distance inspiration. Sincerely,

John A. B. Riddiford
Wallingford, Pa.

Dear Mr. Riddiford: Glad to oblige. Cordially,

—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

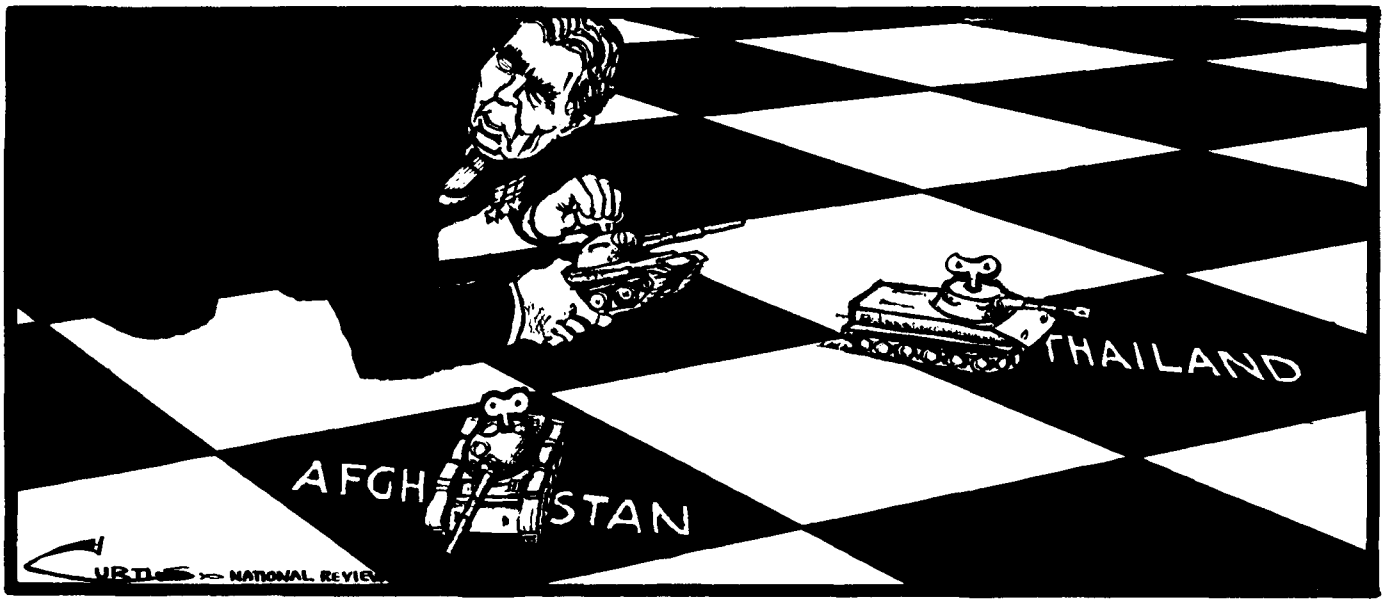
About those demographics in "Notes & Asides" in the April 18 issue: "the obvious non-reading states grouped in the Kentucky/Tennessee/Alabama/Mississippi section, and other individual states." When my friend who reads every issue of *NR* to me from cover to cover got to that part, he and I both had a good laugh. Plenty of people don't read, but I'll bet a crawfish that no states read. I figure you meant to put that in the Trans-O-Gram and it got in the wrong place. The same thing happens to some of those political fellows. Sincerely,

X

(John S. White Jr.)
Kennon, White and Odom
Baton Rouge, La.

Dear Mr. White: My dear old mum, born, raised, and educated in New Orleans, agrees with you completely, and says if Mrs. X ever leaves you, she would be proud to become the second Mrs. X. Cordially,

—WFB



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A Moscow Address

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

TO HAVE ONE—a Moscow address—is a sign that, as a terrorist, one has arrived—just as the most successful British doctors like to have a Harley Street address, and top American financiers a Wall Street address.

This observation is relevant because of what went on in Venice the other day, the consequences of which will be playing themselves out in the months and years ahead.

Meeting in June, the heads of government of the European Economic Community decided in their collective wisdom that the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) "will have to be associated" with any negotiations on peace between Israel and the Arab states. The point is that the PLO has a Moscow address. It has had one since August 1974, when the Soviet leaders invited it in. Previously, PLO links with the Soviets had been more devious, going through East Berlin.

The Russians, like other self-respecting landlords, are particular about potential tenants. When they decide to play host, it is after mature reflection: the decision implies a hard-headed belief that the tenants are a winning lot; it also implies a commitment to see that they end up on the winning side.

A Moscow Address

Thus it was in November 1964, when Brezhnev and Co., having rid themselves of Nikita Khrushchev, invited the Vietcong to open an office in Moscow. And thus it was ten years later with the PLO. In April 1975 the 1964 decision was vindicated, when North Vietnam captured Saigon. On a similar time scale, sometime in 1985 the PLO will have established a Soviet-backed regime in "Palestine"; unless, of course, history accelerates the process and the State of Palestine emerges sooner. The Venice decision plays into the hands of the PLO and its Soviet supporters.

Note that not one word of the foregoing implies a value judgment on the rights of the Palestinian people, or even on the validity of a State of Palestine (the two being not necessarily identical). The question I am raising here is simply, Who will represent the Palestinians?

There are many possible analogies in our contemporary experience. Let's take two of them: Algeria and Cyprus. The present, de facto boundaries of Israel include the territory of the West Bank of the River Jordan, most of whose inhabitants are Palestinian Arabs (leaving Jerusalem to one side). Before independence, Algeria had a substantial majority of Berber and Arab Moslems, and about a million French people of at least nominal Christian faith. The island of Cyprus harbors four times as many Orthodox who speak Greek, as Moslems who speak Turkish.

So our three cases have at least two things in common: each has, or had, two rival communities, of different religions and languages, the minority community being numerous; and in each a terrorist movement espoused the cause of its particular community.

The terrorist groups that espouse the cause of a community invariably have two objectives in mind: one is to impose their will on the "oppressor," whoever it may be; and the other is to intimidate (terrorize) their own people into accepting their credentials as the sole representatives of the oppressed. The first of these objectives is always explicitly stated, but not the second. But those at the receiving end of terrorism quickly get the point.

At the outset of the Algerian troubles in 1954, two rival Moslem groups claimed to represent the "Algerian people." The better-known one is the FLN (Front de Libération Nationale). The other was called the MNA (Mouvement National Algérien). By the time the FLN had finished torturing and killing MNA members, and burning down MNA villages, the great majority of Algerian Moslems had decided to support the FLN. In consequence, the FLN is now in power in Algeria.

The Cypriot case is less clear-cut, but a feature of the campaign by the Greek-Cypriot terrorist organization, EOKA, was the slogan "Death to Traitors." It worked.

To turn to "Palestine," the PLO has been extraordinarily successful in persuading people, including many who are not even indirectly under threat from its gunmen, that it is a "moderate" organization entitled as of right to represent the Palestinian people in its struggle against Zionism and Israel's American backers.

As long ago as 1973, Yasir Arafat, as leader of Al Fatah, started building his image as a moderate at a time when the "extremist" Black September group was attracting much international odium. Yet Black September was an offshoot of the supposedly moderate Al Fatah, and the secret leadership of Black September included a number of names that also figured on the open list of leaders of Al Fatah.

Creeping Respectability

As we know, Yasir Arafat went on to achieve a respectful hearing in the UN General Assembly, despite the incongruity of his flourishing a sub-machine gun in a forum supposedly dedicated to peace. In recent years, there has been plenty of evidence that the Soviets provide systematic training courses for Palestinian terrorists.

If one refers to the official statement issued by the EEC leaders in Venice on June 13, one finds that it falls short of the recognition which, by all accounts, the French President would have liked. It calls for self-determination for the Palestinian people, appeals to all parties to the dispute to work for peace, and specifies that these parties include the Palestinian people and the PLO.

There is thus, still, a (thin) dividing line between the Palestinian people and the PLO; but the implication of a call for negotiations with the PLO is clearly that in any Palestinian state no rival contenders for power are in the offing. A similar declaration, with a similar reference to the IRA, would rightly be taken as an indication that the British government intended to hand over Northern Ireland to the terrorists.

No wonder President Carter and Menahem Begin are incensed. Yet even this major step did not go far enough for the PLO, which also criticized the Venice statement. Some people are hard to please. □

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FROM DISSENT TO DOCILITY

The True Horror of Soviet INTERNAL EXILE

VICTOR HERMAN and FRED E. DOHRS

THE PRISONER is sentenced to five years of internal exile."

"The prisoner is sentenced to eight years of internal exile."

These words have been heard recently in Moscow courts where, after a travesty of a trial, the accused Soviet citizen is convicted of such crimes as "malicious hooliganism," or "anti-Soviet behavior." Americans know these prisoners as dissidents.

Being required to live at a specific place within the Soviet Union doesn't sound like such a terrible punishment. After all, it's a huge country, and exile couldn't be that bad. It certainly hasn't the ominous sound of "prison" or "prison camp at hard labor."

However mild "internal exile" may sound to Americans, the facts of such exile are grim and almost hopeless for the political prisoner. The total control apparatus required to make internal exile effective puts pressure on the prisoner from the moment of arrest.

But even before the arrest, the regime—the Communist Party and the KGB—has already decided the guilt and probably the sentence. Once arrested, the prisoner loses the few rights he may have had before. He must turn in his internal passport and working papers—the absolute essentials for living in the USSR. He is jailed immediately and can have no communication at all with the outside. The "one telephone call" allowed by the American system of justice does not exist in the Soviet Union. He may be held in the local jail or transported many miles to await further action. Family and friends are not informed either of his whereabouts or of the charges against him. Nor may they communicate with him.

For days, weeks, or months, nothing may happen. He simply remains in jail. Delay is part of the system of pressures to soften him up for interrogation. Perhaps the thugs in the system will work him over a little—or they may just leave him alone, letting him wonder what will happen next. Only when the official who signed the arrest order decides to take further action can the next step, usually a trial or a semblance of a trial, take place.

For the more prominent dissidents—usually those known to Western news people and arrested in Moscow or Leningrad, the showplace cities—there may be a public announcement of the time and place of the trial and a statement of the charges. For the hundreds and thousands of others, unknown to foreigners, whether in the major cities or elsewhere in the Soviet Union, information is rarely given out prior to the trial, and often not even then.

Because "guilt" has already been determined, the trial itself is largely irrelevant. Only occasionally are family or friends allowed in the courtroom, which is "packed" with the Party faithful or those seeking Party favors. In some cases—often involving dissidents from the many national minorities seeking freedom from both Soviet and Russian control—the trial may be held in secret. Nothing is known before or after it. The individual simply disappears.

Whether or not the defendant uses the official lawyer supplied by the regime makes little difference, because the issue of guilt or innocence is never in doubt. The only question is the nature and severity of the sentence.

WHERE FAMILY or friends are admitted to the trial, it is usually the first time they have seen the prisoner since his arrest, which may have been months before. During the trial, direct communication is usually forbidden. It is only after sentencing that any contact is allowed between the sentenced prisoner and his family or friends. He may talk with them briefly. Sometimes a package of food, clothing, and money may be passed to the prisoner, for his transport and exile. Then come heart-rending farewells, and the prisoner is returned to jail.

The prisoner does not learn the place of his exile at this time. Selection of the place of exile is usually based on several considerations, including the length of sentence and the health and strength of the prisoner. Often, the deciding

Mr. Herman is the author of Coming out of the Ice, *which recounts his 18 years of prison, hard labor, and exile in the Soviet Union. . . . Mr. Dohrs is a professor of geography at Wayne State University.*

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factor is whether the regime wants him to survive the sentence. There are many places in Siberia and elsewhere where a sentence of exile is tantamount to a death sentence.

With the place of exile determined, the prisoner begins his trip. If it is relatively close, the trip may be made with no stopovers. For more distant places, the journey may take days or weeks, with stopovers at local jails along the way. He remains completely under the control of the MVD—the Ministry of Internal Affairs, a branch of the KGB—and is guarded by well-armed MVD personnel.

Finally, he arrives with his meager possessions at the place of exile, which may be a fairly remote Siberian village deep in the forests where the only activity is timber-cutting and logging. Reporting to the local MVD office—there are MVD offices everywhere—he is taken to the Commandant and turns in the official paper specifying the place and term of exile.

The Commandant gives him an assignment form which states the conditions of his exile at this location: that he must stay within the limits of the village or such work areas in the forest as may be designated; that infringements of these restrictions could lead to a long-term sentence (up to twenty years) as a prisoner (not an exile) at hard labor. The prisoner signs the paper agreeing to these terms. He really has no choice.

Now he is "free," the Commandant tells him, to begin his new life, and he will be expected to report to the MVD once a week. He is given another official form which identifies him as a convicted criminal assigned for exile in this area. This serves as his only identity document—a substitute for his internal passport—during the period of his exile. The Commandant suggests he might find work cutting timber in the nearby forest. He is then dismissed and leaves the building, "free" for the term of his sentence.

"Free" for what? Even "free" *from* what? He has no job, no place to live, no assurance even of the chance to obtain food, in a small and obviously very poor Siberian village.

But, as the Commandant said, he is "free" to do or not to do what he wants. The regime will not force him to do anything except stay in this place for the duration of his sentence. There is no requirement to work, but if he doesn't he will be regarded as a "parasite," making it difficult if not impossible to get enough food to live. And if he didn't work during exile, he would later be sentenced to "hard labor" for a long term. So he is "free" to work if he can find a job. Or

And now in the squalid village he was 'free.' Was it worth it? The process of breaking a man—less brutal than in the past, but efficient—was beginning to work on him

"free" to die, which would not be difficult in these surroundings.

He is also "free" to live where he wishes or is able to find shelter. There is no requirement to live in any particular place so long as he stays within his limits. With a long, severely cold and bitter Siberian winter only weeks away, it is clear that he soon will be "free" to freeze to death.

Without question he realizes, indeed he knows, that he *is* relatively free. He thinks of the others, the countless now nameless and faceless who were sentenced to long terms in prison and slave-labor camps, working themselves to death under far worse conditions than the poverty of a village in the Siberian forests.

He may start wondering again, as he did during the weeks in prison before the trial, whether his personal bid for freedom—his individual dissidence—has been worth it. He had a pretty good job, a place to live—not much of one, but a place—a family and friends. Yet the injustices of the system rankled, became a gnawing obsession, and he spoke out, he wrote of freedom—real freedom and justice in the Soviet Union.

He understood perfectly well the possibility, indeed the likelihood, of arrest, prison, slave labor, or exile when he first began to express his views about the regime openly. When they came to get him it should not have been a surprise, but it certainly was a shock.

And now in the squalid village he was "free." Was it worth it? The process of breaking a man—less brutal than in the past, but undeniably efficient—was beginning to work on him.

But to stand there with the cool of a Siberian evening fast coming on was no solution to the immediate problem of staying alive. Shelter, any shelter, was needed.

The villagers, meanwhile, were not unaware of the presence of a new exile. Many of them were the sons or daughters of those exiled a generation or more ago. Others had

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been exiles themselves but, following completion of their terms, had for a variety of reasons decided to stay on here, despite the poor conditions of their existence. It may not be the best life possible, but clearly it is not the worst. They were alive, and countless others were not.

Because this village, like most Soviet villages, existed at a near poverty level, a new exile couldn't expect much. However, he might not be warmly welcomed, but he wouldn't be turned away—particularly if he could work, or if he had money. For many of the more recent exiles were from substantial families, or had held well-paying jobs; many had some money, often much more than most of the villagers.

The first requirement is shelter for the night. He goes to the nearest house (hut or hovel would be more accurate) and asks if he can sleep inside, on the floor with the cow and the pigs if necessary. He will take little space and will work, do whatever is asked, for the chance of a place to sleep. The peasant, standing at the door of his crowded one-room hut with his toddlers and the chickens running about on the dirt floor, is compassionate, but firm.

"You can see for yourself, comrade, we have no space. With the cold nights coming on, we bring the cow and calf and the pigs inside too, so we're full up. You might try Yuri Petrovich down the street. He has fewer children and a larger house."

If he can offer money, a place may be made for him, even on the stove where the family sleeps. With enough money, he may even displace a younger family member, who goes back to sleeping on the floor.

After several stops at other huts, he gets a place—sleeping with a cow in a rude shed attached to a one-room house. For the moment, for the night, he has a place to sleep and is grateful to his host for the roof and the warmth of the cow.

Food is another matter. A village family may be willing to share its simple and often limited fare for one meal or even two. Beyond that, especially for a new exile who is unknown and untested, it may be difficult. Unless of course the exile has money; but under these conditions, even money may not be as important as food in hand. The constant nagging concern of every peasant is, "Will there be enough for the family through the winter?"

For the new exile, this may be the emergency for which the dwindling food supply his family gave him at the time of parting had been planned. Rusks of carefully dried bread are the staple of this emergency food supply. And if he is lucky, there may still be a piece of cheese or sausage saved for just such a time. Relieving his hunger with the rusks, he drifts off to sleep against the warm side of the cow, thinking: This is only shelter. Tomorrow, there must be work.

The pale sun was barely over the horizon when the trucks roared over the ruts in the village street. They came to haul the men out to their work in the forests where the timber-cutting was. The exile joined them, a helping hand pulled him up into the back of the truck, and, along with twenty others, he headed for the woods.

After the others had gone to their work in the woods, he approached the foreman and asked for a job. "Sure you can have a job cutting timber, but can you do the work?" the foreman laughed, not unkindly, looking at his pale, uncal-

loused, city-bred hands. For years they had done no manual labor heavier than using a pen, pencil, or typewriter. He had not even been active in sports.

Most of the dissidents these days come from essentially white-collar, middle-class backgrounds and jobs. Anti-regime voices are rare among manual laborers, factory workers, and peasants.

"If you can cut and stack six cubic meters a day, you'll get four rubles. Twenty-five workdays a month," the foreman continued. "Can you do it?"

He shrank a bit under the direct but friendly question from the foreman. Could he? He doubted it. He hardly even knew how to swing an axe, much less to handle a bow saw. But was there a choice? He could inquire about a less physically demanding job—something in the camp office perhaps, or tallying the logs as they are loaded for shipment.

If he had money—a lot of money—he could try to sweeten his request for an easier job like bookkeeping or something else for which he was at least fairly well equipped. And, with luck, he could buy or bribe his way along.

Lacking money, he could only make a stab at lumberjacking. He seized the axe in his unaccustomed fingers and trudged in his city shoes into the woods.

So it went. Survival as an exile requires ready adaptation to a new and grim situation. Many victims of Soviet oppression in all of its forms have been able to survive, but many more have gone under.

After months or a year or more of adapting, a new groove, a way of living a little above survival, is established in the village. A better place to live is found or even built, with help from the villagers. A small garden is planted, bringing a modest food supply—potatoes, cabbage, little else; but still, something to be put aside for the long Siberian winter.

A routine closely in harmony with the Siberian seasons

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develops. In Siberia, the weather rules. It dictates a long semi-hibernation through the worst parts of the winter, almost sealed in the hut, close to the stove. The deep and heavy mud of the spring and fall cause a different kind of isolation. And then there is the short Siberian summer, with its long, warm days and twilight through the night. A life very close to the primitive rhythms of nature.

I'm not much more than an animal, the exile thinks to himself. But it's not really a bad life—I eat and sleep and work—and I'm alive! This last point was heavily underscored one day deep in the forest. While doing a survey line with a team, well beyond their own working area, they came on another large crew cutting timber. But these men were different—a slave gang from a forced-labor camp. He had

He thought less and less about his family. There was almost no communication from his old friends, the handful of dissidents he had known, the old group

heard talk in the village about such a camp some kilometers away, but it was a shock when he actually *saw* them. They, like himself, were political prisoners, but they had been sentenced to long years at hard labor rather than exile.

With each working team of ten or so, there were two well-armed guards and two savage watchdogs. The guards, alerted by the dogs' barking, waved his crew away, but he had been close enough to see the prisoners' thin, haggard faces, eyes without hope, and bodies emaciated from overwork and hunger. These men were working out their lives, and for most of them there was no hope, no prospect of a tomorrow when their sentences might end and they might be allowed to lead the relatively free life of an exile.

There, he thought, but for the grace of God, go I. And for a moment, he was grateful to the Communist Party for giving him such a light sentence.

Some time later, as he lay on his warm stove, he realized that he was no longer thinking like a dissident. He had become an exile, a Siberian working out his sentence, with few thoughts about anything except his very simple and uncomplicated routine existence. Nothing else really mattered. He realized he thought less and less about his family, and indeed he rarely heard from them now. There was almost no communication from his old friends, the handful of dissidents he had known, the old group.

And rarely, anymore, did he think about any future beyond the years of his exile, which still stretched out before him. Returning to home and to his old job—if he could get it back, which was unlikely—seemed so remote he could hardly even imagine it. And he knew that Moscow and Leningrad and the other big cities would undoubtedly be off-limits for him the rest of his life.

He was, in a way, shocked by the nature and level of his thoughts. No longer the bright intellectual who had thought to change the Soviet system—the system that now provided him with the simple necessities of his life. But he was intelligent enough to know what had happened to him over the months and years of his exile. He had been beaten by the Soviet system.

He was no longer a dissident. He was not even against the regime anymore. They had beaten him, as they had beaten countless others before him. He could not admit, even to himself, that he had been *broken* by the system. That would be too much for the small part of his mind which still thought within the old frame of reference. It wouldn't allow him to admit final defeat. To be broken would be degrading.

And he was still a man in spite of everything that had been done to him. There was still some pride. He had *not* been broken by the system. And he, a soft city-dweller with smooth pale hands, had beaten the forest and the trees. He felt his rough, calloused hands, with their broken, dirty, untrimmed nails. By God, those hands could work!

As he drifted off to sleep, he thought only that tomorrow was another day. But he was content, and knew he would never go back.

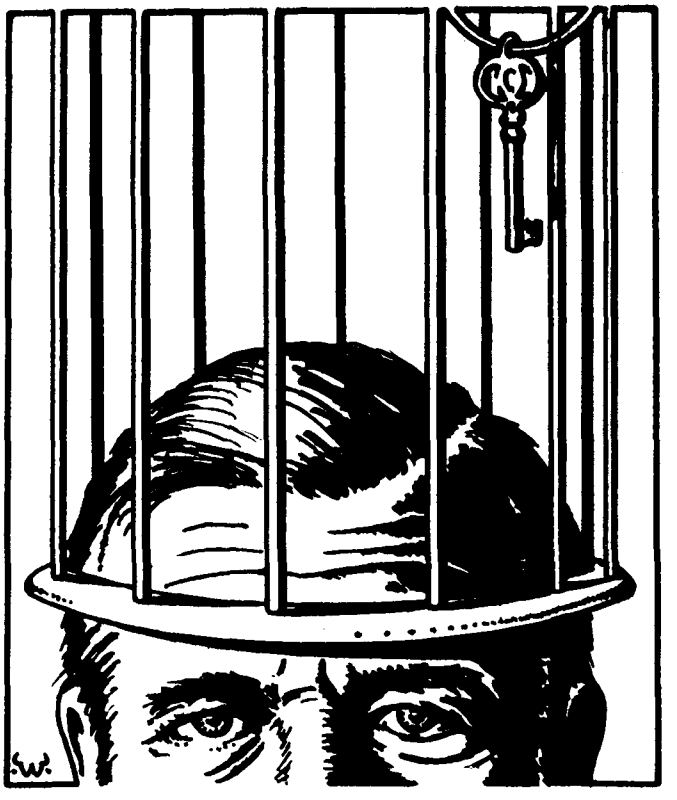
He was home.

Once again, the Soviet system had won over the dissident. They had stilled a dissident voice and gained a docile worker, willing to produce and live at a bare subsistence level. He needed no guards, no dogs, and no expensive non-productive apparatus. After all, he was "free"!

Unless the prisoner was to be worked to death, the exile system was better and cheaper than slave labor.

And in the outside world, almost no one knew or cared.

Why should they change such an effective system? □



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TREACHERY IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Can We Trust THE SAUDIS?

PETER LUBIN

THE WILLING suspension of disbelief that Americans maintained for so long has finally collapsed under the weight of events. Despite his many failures, President Carter had been given the benefit of every doubt, because most Americans wanted to believe that, at least in the case of Iran, there was no acceptable alternative to his policy of passivity and appeasement. And whenever he did try, in his half-hearted way, to behave forcefully, the results were ludicrous—from the formal severance of diplomatic relations in April, so long after the informal fact, to the economic sanctions everyone knew were meaningless. Yet these acts were part of a game, noted months ago by *New York Times* UN correspondent Bernard Nossiter, in which the Carter Administration "invents a new event every week" to keep the public satisfied that something is being done. As for the rescue mission—which took place months too late—its failure still awaits investigation by Congress, which, alone within the Federal Government, has been fighting manfully to stave off complete disaster during the Carter years.

No matter when the hostages do gain freedom, the Iranian terrorists have already triumphed. In permitting them that victory, Carter has done enormous damage to international rules of conduct and encouraged terrorists everywhere. For terrorists, like other people, learn by example.

Furthermore, while the American people, to judge from recent polls, seem to have understood a great deal of this, it is doubtful whether the Administration has learned anything from the Iranian episode, about either the men we are dealing with in the Muslim East—in the Arab oil states as well as in Iran—or the kinds of problems we face in that region. Several times during the early months after the Embassy takeover Carter promised Iran a bonus of military and other aid once the affair was ended. Even now, after what he considers a suitable interval, he may well renew that offer. He wants to ensure, he has said, "the integrity of a united and viable Iran." Yet unity can be ensured only through the suppression of Iran's ethnic minorities by Khomeini's revolutionary guards, an activity many of us are not prepared to subsidize.

America's standing in the world these days is not high. For passivity and appeasement have characterized all our recent foreign policy—toward the Soviet Union, toward OPEC, toward Iranian and other terrorists. The perception of us as weak and vacillating has encouraged the Arab oil states in their extortions, and the obvious paralysis in this Administration may well have encouraged the Soviet Union to enter Afghanistan. Now the Soviets are closer to the Gulf, and Iran, too, is rapidly disintegrating. Yet the West has not made any new friends from the Soviets' aggression.

The Islamic guards zealously protecting the Soviet Embassy in Teheran while our diplomats are held prisoner should have crushed any illusions we may have had on that score. And the unanimous fury of the Arab oil states at our rescue mission—our "friend" Saudi Arabia was particularly outraged, and sponsored a resolution at the May meeting of the Islamic nations denouncing the "American military aggression"—also reveals quite a different attitude from the Carter-Brzezinski view that an "Islamic alliance" with the West is the answer to our problems in the Gulf.

Carter's reaction to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan demonstrates that in facing the threat to our interests in the Gulf, he intends to rely on a shallow Machiavellianism as a supplement to continued appeasement of Saudi Arabia and the other Arab oil states. The Iran "pillar" has collapsed; the Saudi "pillar" never existed. Still the Carter Administration intends to resurrect the failed policy of reliance on local regimes, despite their political instability, military weakness, and participation in acts hostile to the West. Carter's choices include some of the most repressive and shaky governments in the world, certainly not proven friends and of little value as military allies (their armies contain, as Talleyrand once said of the Persian forces, "many men but no soldiers"). The policy of relying on local forces, one that we do not apply even in Europe, rather than assuming direct strategic control should have been dis-

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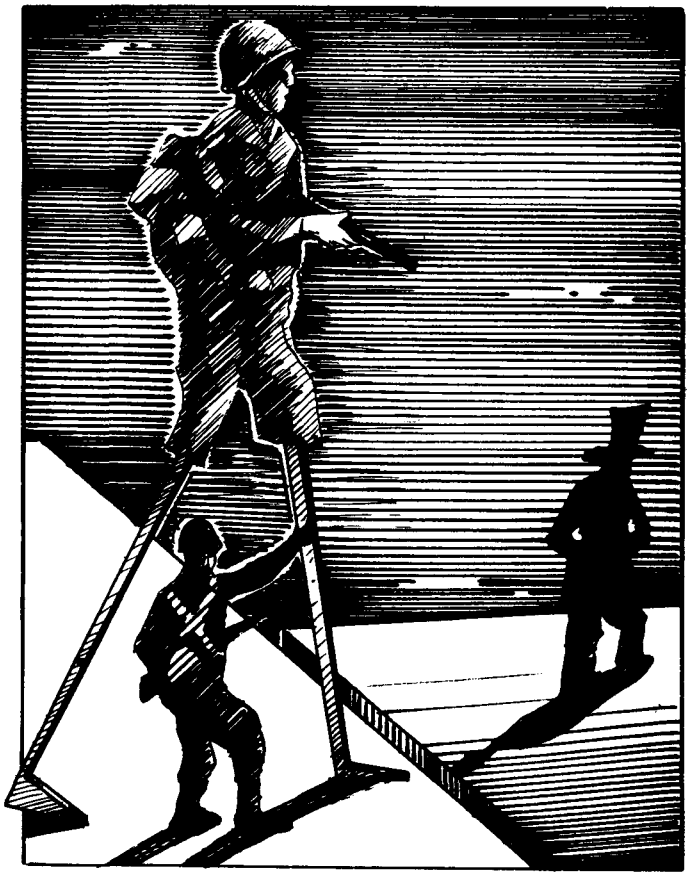
credited by the events of the past year, particularly the terrorist takeover of the Grand Mosque, which gave a painfully clear demonstration of Saudi Arabia's vulnerability.

Nor should much faith be placed in the Carter Administration's mini-pillar, Egypt. Despite extensive congressional testimony against the move, the Carter Administration intends to supply Egypt with more than $4 billion in advanced weapons over the next five years. But Egypt is at peace and presumably threatened by no one. Certainly not Libya, which simply cannot be taken seriously as a threat. Libya's population and army are one-twentieth the size of Egypt's, and Qaddafi has suffered defeat at the hands of the Tanzanians, among others. Meanwhile, Egypt has so far refused what we need: unhindered and long-term use of the Sinai airbases, both those that Israel has already yielded and those still to be surrendered. Behind the publicity given to joint Egyptian-American air maneuvers (which meant little militarily) lies the bleak fact that Egypt is offering us only a *use* of facilities, narrowly defined and subject to Egyptian supervision and control, as well as to any potential shift in regime and policy. More importantly, the Egyptians have made it clear that we will not be permitted to use these bases for operations against a fellow Arab country. Now, it takes no great intelligence to understand that if the primary reason for American bases in the Middle East is to guard the West's oil supply, such protection may well involve operations against either a Soviet-backed Arab regime or Islamic extremists on the Khomeini model. Thus, the conditions imposed by Egypt make its bases of little worth. What we need are bases solidly under Western control, and only firmness, not concession after concession, will get them for us.

Egypt, after all, has already obtained the entire Sinai (for the second time) that it lost in war, together with $15 billion worth of Israeli improvements, as well as the Alma oilfields, a naval port, eight air bases, roads, and other infrastructure. She should need no further inducements for peace. Congress could and should withhold arms for Egypt, thus taking over the negotiating of which the Carter Administration seems always so incapable. If Egypt is indeed our ally, then giving us those Sinai air bases which, by the Camp David treaty, she cannot use for military purposes herself, should pose no problem. One possible way to assure future American control of the bases is to begin to use them now, while they are still in Israel's possession. An Egypt hugely dependent on the United States for economic and military aid would then find it difficult to evict us.

The building up of Egypt suggests that the Administration has hit on an Egypt-Saudi Arabia axis as the next scheme to shore up the Persian Gulf. Yet as the Soviets themselves discovered, Egypt, which has lost six of its last six wars, including a lengthy campaign against Yemeni tribesmen, is a poor military investment. In the 1973 war, only the pressure of Henry Kissinger saved the Egyptian Third Army. After sending Egypt many billions in weaponry and, at one time, stationing twenty thousand advisors there, the Soviet Union learned there was not much to be made of the Egyptian armed forces, and that what she really needed was bases under her own control (as at Umm Qasr in Iraq, or, more recently, in Afghanistan), or under that of non-local surrogates (Cubans in Ethiopia, East Germans in South Yemen).

Precisely to the extent that Islam is strong, it is anti-Western and, above all, anti-American



Moreover, for historical reasons the Saudis mistrust the Egyptians as much as they do the Americans. Memories of Nasser's efforts against the Saudis, and his direct military intervention in the Yemen, are fresh. Nor, in a region where memories are long, have the campaigns of Mehemet Ali in the last century been forgotten.

Carter's staff apparently entertains schemes of enlisting Iraq, along with Egypt, as part of an "anti-Soviet Islamic alliance." Iraq, however, is resolutely anti-Western and determined to drive the United States not only from the Gulf, but from whatever bases it now possesses along the Mediterranean (as a recent article by Claudia Wright, reporting on her conversations with Iraqi leaders, made clear). All of this flailing about is indicative of a bankrupt policy that refuses to come to grips with the necessity for Western control in the area.

Neither Iran, Saudi Arabia, nor the minor oil sheikdoms of the Gulf littoral are capable of withstanding a Soviet attack. An American or Western force possessing maximum technological sophistication and mobility and occupying

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strategic bases in the immediate region (with equipment prepositioned) is essential as a deterrent to such an attack. Furthermore, most of the Muslim states are at least as hostile to us as they are to the Soviets (witness the massive economic aggression by OPEC over the last few years, and the continued use of what many Arabs gleefully call the "oil weapon" to settle centuries-old scores with the non-Muslim world). Despite hints that "if only" we make certain other concessions they will cooperate, there is little evidence that they will. France and certain black African states have submitted to political as well as economic extortion, and have nothing to show for it. France, for example, not only supplied Iraq with nuclear fuel and freed the terrorist Abu Daoud, but, during Giscard d'Estaing's March trip to the Gulf, embraced all the Arab slogans in the Arab-Israeli conflict. In return for her pains France will be allowed to buy oil at the same extortionate price the rest of us pay. In fact, hardly had the French president unpacked when he was informed that Algeria, the Arab nation with the closest ties to France, had decided to cut off all natural-gas exports to France in a blatant attempt to extort a doubling of payments.

There is no reason to believe that either Saudi Arabia or any other Arab oil state will ever join us in an anti-Soviet alliance. Precisely to the extent that Islam is strong, it is anti-Western and, above all, anti-American. Historically it has been those Muslim countries that have been most determinedly secular—Turkey after Ataturk and the Iran of the Shah—that have been the most pro-Western. Where militant Islam is strongest, as along the Gulf and among the Saudi tribes, the anti-Western feeling is also most pronounced.

It is a fact of history that the main obstacle to the spread of Islam over the centuries has been Western Christendom, not Russia. It was Charles Martel who beat back the Muslims outside Poitiers (more than one Arab leader has referred to the oil extortion as "our revenge for Poitiers") and the Spanish who pushed them out of Iberia. We in the West may no longer take history seriously, but the Muslims do. Currently, for example, in the Muslim states there is tremendous fascination with the Crusades. But no Russian contingent participated in the Crusades. The Russo-Turkish conflicts from the eighteenth century on took place in an area tangential to Muslim Arab concerns, at a time when the historical animus against Western Christendom had already crystallized. The Soviet Union has benefited from that history.

And religion reinforces history. According to the *shari'a*, or law of Islam, the goal of Islam is to push back the "hostile" territory of the infidels, the *dar al-harb*, and to expand the territory of the believers, or *dar al-Islam*, by any means including war. Words such as "infidel" and "jihad" may sound like Hollywood inventions to most Americans, but millions of Muslims do take them seriously and exult not only in their "oil power" but in Khomeini's public humiliation of the Americans.

To the general rule of hostility in the Gulf, there is one exception: Sultan Qabus of Oman, who does comprehend the looming Soviet threat and is therefore ready to cooperate with the West. Just a few months ago the Sultan seemed willing to offer us a much-needed permanent base at a key strategic point; since then he has been subject to pressure from both Iraq and Saudi Arabia; he has been warned not to collaborate too closely with us. As a result, we have been offered only "occasional access" to the Omani base. The Saudis will not oppose U.S. forces at Diego Garcia (some 2,500 miles away), or at the Soviet-built Berbera base in Somalia, or at a base in Kenya (1,700 miles away). But they are adamant about keeping us from a permanent base on the Gulf itself. If we consider the fate of our bases in the shifting sands of the region—from Morocco to Libya, to listening posts in Ethiopia and Iran (and what will happen in Turkey is anyone's guess)—we will understand more clearly the necessity for bases closer to the Gulf, under secure and exclusive Western supervision.

In the meantime, OPEC's economic aggression continues to harm our economy (with obvious military consequences). At an energy symposium organized by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, speakers stressed the likelihood of a major economic—and perhaps military—catastrophe in the 1980s if the price of oil were to go as

The key to the cartel is Saudi Arabia, which has limited production to less than half of what it might have been

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Carter talks of OPEC as if it were a force of nature, a kind of earthquake or hurricane about which nothing can be done

high as $40 per barrel by 1985, or $100 by 1990. That meeting was held on January 4. On January 24, just weeks after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and not much more than a month after the previous 33.3 per cent price rise (from $18 to $24 per barrel), the Saudis raised their price to $26. Since then, the Saudi price has risen to $28 minimum, and a number of OPEC countries have announced price rises well above that. (Algeria now charges $37.) There is no doubt that without strong counter-pressure we shall reach $40 per barrel long before 1985 (perhaps by the end of next year) and $100 per barrel before 1990.

And the key to the cartel is Saudi Arabia, which has limited production to less than half of what it might have been. Reports in the media that the Saudis are producing "close to capacity" are misleading. Just a few years ago, ARAMCO and independent petroleum economists were confidently expecting a production of 20 million barrels a day by 1980. Had ARAMCO's plans for increasing the capacity of the Saudi fields been realized, such production would now be possible; but the Saudis quashed those plans. The threat of still greater Saudi "participation" (a kind of creeping nationalization) has caused ARAMCO to back off. In any case, even ARAMCO does not have the capital now necessary, nor will the Saudis make the investment themselves. So the capacity of the fields remains limited, and the Saudis produce from only 15 of 37 known oilfields. Although the Saudis imply that they are our friends within OPEC and helpless to withstand the price rises forced on them by the others, the truth is that simply by raising production they could stop the upward spiral (and even bring the price way down) any time they wanted. That time will not come until the United States and the other members of the Western alliance make it clear that the Saudis—whose dependence on the West, and above all on America, for food, medical care, higher education, weaponry, military training, construction, indeed for everything including their final security, is phenomenal—must begin to behave like friends.

OPEC's depredations do not end with pricing and production. Kuwait, which frequently takes the lead in such matters, has demanded that companies wishing to lift Kuwaiti crude must also buy a certain number of Kuwaiti refined products, ship a certain amount of the crude in Kuwaiti ships, pay for a certain percentage of contracted oil at spot prices, reduce the grace period for payments, and, finally, specify the destination of the crude, a clear threat of political embargo.

It is obvious that the Muslim oil states intend to gain control over much of the world's petroleum industry, and to turn the screws ever tighter. Their capacity for doing harm, both from reckless indifference and from deliberate hostility to the West, increases daily. A recent example is the Saudi attempt to blackmail us into not filling our strategic petroleum reserve (vital should Persian Gulf oil ever be denied us). This constitutes intolerable meddling with our national security. Yet the Administration was ready to yield. Congress, fortunately, has insisted that the plans to fill the reserve go forward.

Obviously, Saudi Arabia is bent on maximizing its return, no matter what the consequences. With proven reserves of 200 billion barrels and probable reserves of 530 billion, the Saudis have enough for fifty years, if production were doubled; another century, if it remains at its present level. They could, if they continued on their present course, amass much of the world's wealth and destroy all but the strongest economies within a decade or two. But long before then the Soviet Union and its satellites will be needing Persian Gulf oil, and if the Soviet Union takes control of the Hasa oilfields, its royalties will not be generous.

Though deaf to other pleas, the Saudi rulers must be made to understand that they must forgo a few of their billions for the sake of self-preservation. If they refuse to listen, then other measures must be taken—and soon. The West is under no obligation to commit suicide; it must diminish the likelihood of economic and political catastrophe, whatever the origin. The doctrine of national sovereignty yields, in international law, to the doctrine of necessity.

If it continues unchecked, the Saudi oil policy guarantees a massive drain of dollars (more than $100 billion from the United States next year alone), and a buying up of American assets—stocks, banks, land—by a people hostile to Western democracy. Prince Abdullah Ibn Abdul Aziz, a deputy prime minister and third in the hierarchy, complained last November in the Jordanian daily *Al-Rai*: "We would like to control all influential news media in the world, but will the proprietors of these media be ready to sell? Our frequent attempts in the past have been negative." So far the Saudis have been rebuffed in their attempts to buy established newspapers and magazines, but they (and other Arab oil interests) have backed a number of glossy periodicals, particularly in England, that promote the views of the Saudis and contain incessant and ingenious defenses of OPEC pricing and production policies.

Perhaps the reluctance of the American Government to do anything about OPEC and the extraordinary manner in which our government tends to further myths about a "stable," "friendly," "moderate" Saudi Arabia reflect, to some degree, the influence of Saudi money already spent here. Those who "recycle" Saudi dollars (the very word implies an environmentally sound practice) push the Saudi line that we must avoid "confrontation" in favor of "cooperation" (i.e., never pressure the Saudis but let them continue their devastating oil policies and attempts to dictate to us in political and military matters). The media mindlessly collaborate by affixing the epithet "moderate" to any oil state whose leaders are not, like Qaddafi and Khomeini, wild men spitting anti-American fire.

Many of the "experts" on whom we rely for information about the Arab oil states are, in fact, in the direct or indirect employ of Arab governments. The list includes diplomats formerly accredited to countries in the Gulf who now receive large sums as "international business consultants" and have a way of turning up on television to defend Saudi Arabia and OPEC. Others serve on blue-ribbon panels, appear as witnesses before congressional committees, make themselves available for consultation by unsophisticated

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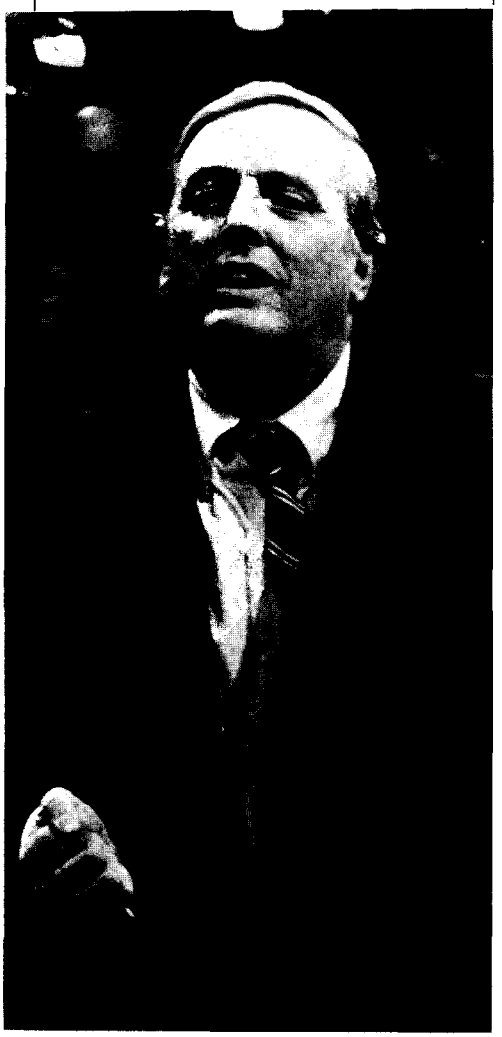

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How does one obtain influence in despotisms? Court the despot? Court the man likely to succeed him in the next coup?

journalists, and hit the lecture circuit ("Why OPEC Is Doing Us a Favor" or "A Decade of Saudi-American Cooperation"). The public is thus lulled, and politicians continue to characterize the Saudis as pro-Western; and the huge sums keep flowing, without sustained protest, into OPEC coffers.

Meanwhile, the campaign to uncouple Western Europe from America moves apace (an effort that both the oil states and the Soviet Union vigorously applaud, for varying reasons). And a successful attempt is being made to deflect attention from oil to the "Palestinian problem"—as if satisfying the Arabs on that score would make the slightest difference in OPEC policy.

For the West, the economic hemorrhage is overwhelming. As New York financier Felix Rohatyn has noted, the value of all stocks on the Big Board is about $900 billion. It took the most enterprising and productive economy in the history of the world two hundred years to accumulate that. Over the next four years, the United States alone will pay half that amount to OPEC, while a trillion dollars will be drained from the West as a whole.

Oil has been likened to blood. While the analogy is helpful, it is inexact. Although biochemists are working on synthetic blood, a complete substitute is probably impossible. Not so with "synthetic oil." Alternatives to Persian Gulf oil—oil from elsewhere, nuclear and solar energy, coal—will eventually replace it; but not for fifteen to twenty years. In the meantime, we must have Gulf oil as we must have real blood. It is a question not merely of economics, but of survival.

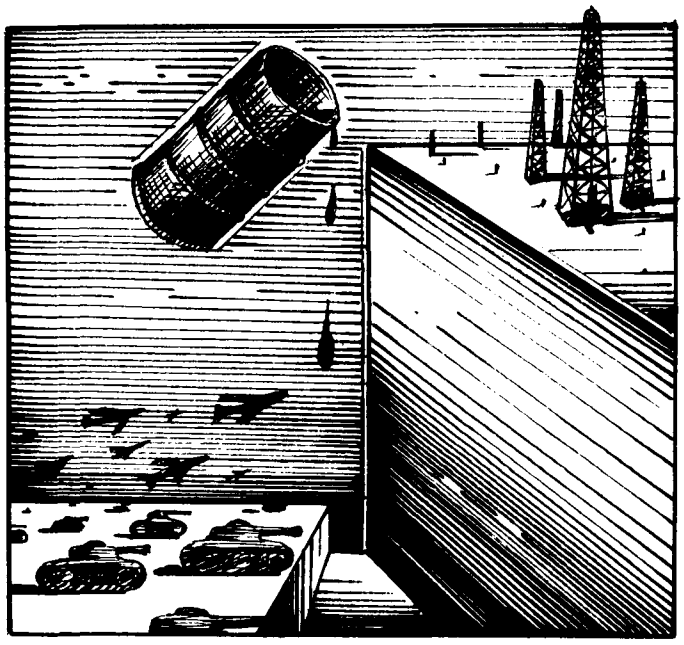
President Carter hardly grasps the damage being done to the economies of the West and of the less-developed world, to our military strength, to our means of opposing the Soviets in defense of that very oil. He talks of OPEC as if it were a force of nature, a kind of earthquake or hurricane about which nothing can be done, and thereby absolves himself of responsibility for current (and future) depredations.

While willing to threaten the USSR (though no one has done more to weaken the credibility of that threat), Carter refuses to come to grips with the problem of Saudi Arabia. His reaction has been appeasement in the face of every Saudi offensive: the browbeatings Sheik Yamani has meted out to our Treasury Secretaries; the Saudi meddling with our arms supplies to North Yemen (an effort that resulted in North Yemen receiving weapons from the Soviet bloc); the attempted blackmail over the strategic oil reserve; the Saudi strictures on where we may place bases in the region and with what allies we may resist Soviet aggression. Saudi Arabia has maintained this curious ability to dictate to the Carter Administration even though she has been exposed as weak, vulnerable, and threatened. It took the Saudis two full weeks and the help of foreigners (reportedly, a French unit) to recapture the Grand Mosque in Mecca. In December there were riots among the Shi'a minority in the oilfields. And the many sources of instability in that country can only worsen: dizzying (though superficial) modernization, fantastic disparities of wealth, envious rival tribes, religious extremists, disaffected princes, ambitious military men, and a non-Saudi population equal to that of the native Arabs. These non-Saudis, particularly the nearly one million wretchedly treated Yemenis and Pathans, are a fertile field for unrest.

Rather than attempt to undermine the Saudi role in OPEC aggression, the Carter Administration behaves as if it can do nothing. In mid-June, for example, "high Administration national security aides" were claiming they *had* to supply Saudi Arabia with extra weaponry for its F-15s, because the Saudis "had thrown down the gauntlet" and the United States was helpless to deny them.

The Carter policy for dealing with the Soviet threat to the oil supply shows a confusion between what is essential—control and protection of the major oilfields—and what is tangential, and perhaps even harmful—support for certain regimes. Thus this winter we found ourselves in the awkward position of wooing General ul-Haq of Pakistan, who had no compunctions about contemptuously dismissing our offer of $400 million in military aid as "peanuts," and went on building his "Islamic bomb."

The Administration pours vast quantities of armaments into the region, and hopes for the best, including in some unspecified way the formation of an "Islamic alliance" and the building of "influence" to help stop the Soviets. But just how does one obtain influence in despotisms? Court the despot? Court the man likely to succeed him in the next coup? Court the people?—and, if the country consists of warring ethnic or religious groups, which people? Where the predominant ideology (Islam) is inherently hostile to the West, what measures will win over the populace?



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The armaments themselves, of course, pose several potential problems for the West. If, for example, the arms fell into hostile hands, the oilfields could be destroyed. Moreover, the magnitude involved—tens of billions of dollars' worth in Saudi Arabia alone—could be a further temptation to the Soviets. Finally, by surrendering to their extravagant demands for weaponry, we encourage the oil states to believe that the West is at their mercy. And each surrender fuels the next oil price rise.

Another Administration policy tactic is to grant these states political concessions (in exchange for which we expect to be allowed to defend them). The main concessions are an Israel squeezed back into the 1949 ceasefire lines (once described by Sadat, no less, as "ridiculous in the eyes of any man who looks at the world map") and a PLO state. Although Admiral Zumwalt, General Graham, and many others have attempted to explain the geopolitical facts of life, the Carter Administration refuses to understand that until the West assumes its own responsibility, Israel is the only real deterrent to Soviet power between Europe and Australia. Mr. Carter has been quick to trade in the hard coin of an ally's military strength (as when his pressure at Camp David pushed those advanced air bases on the Israel-Sinai border into the uncertain hands of Egypt) for the counterfeit money of "influence." An Israel further weakened would certainly please the Arab oil states, but would also delight the Soviet Union and make the West's job more difficult, dangerous, and expensive.

As for a PLO state, the Administration ignores the evidence: Yasir Arafat meets at least weekly with the Soviet ambassador in Beirut; the PLO receives arms and training from the Soviets and in turn offers steadfast support, as in January when Farouk Kaddoumi prayerfully hailed the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan ("Thank God for the selflessness of the Soviet Union in coming to the aid of the Afghani people") and in May at the Islamic Conference, where the PLO demanded that Afghani resistance leaders be expelled and the Soviet puppet delegation be seated.

Our Middle East policy cannot be left in the hands of those who relied on the Iran 'pillar' and then watched the Shah collapse

What a PLO state would do is close the ring of Soviet surrogates and bases around the Gulf—Ethiopia, South Yemen, Afghanistan, Iraq, Syria, and, finally, the People's Democratic Republic of Palestine. As one writer has noted:

> Some of our Pollyannas appear to believe that the PLO will be so busy building a nation they won't have time for anything else. Qaddafi and Khomeini . . . have not exactly been kept so busy setting up Departments of Sanitation and revoking liquor licenses that they haven't had time to devastate American interests.

The Carter Administration shows a remarkable indifference to reality with its proposal for an "Islamic alliance" to defend the oil—when Syria still occupies much of Lebanon, when Libya has attacked Tunisia and may be attacked by Egypt, when Morocco and Algeria are close to open war, when Iraq may seize Kuwait or part of Iran, when the two Yemens may unite and move against Oman or the Saudis, when the Omanis and the Saudis feel only loathing for each other—and who knows what tomorrow's news will bring?

It is probably not more than forty members of the House of Saud who now make decisions that determine much of the economic fate of the entire non-Communist world, which depends for its very existence on the oil of Saudi Arabia. These forty Saudi rulers claim to be able to protect that oil against all threats. In Davos last February Ahmed Zaki Yamani predicted a Third World War if the Soviets try to take over the oil of the Gulf. The prospect of nuclear war is of course unthinkable. The West's conventional forces must be firmly and powerfully in place to minimize that risk, but Saudi Arabia remains the major obstacle to this necessary measure.

Given the stakes involved, our Middle East policy needs a drastic overhaul. It cannot be left in the hands of those who relied on the Iran "pillar" and then watched the Shah collapse; or in the hands of those who keep telling us how stable, progressive, and helpful Saudi Arabia is, or who have insisted that passivity and appeasement is the only response to OPEC's economic aggression; or who for so long have minimized the Soviet threat to the oil supply.

President Carter frequently appeals to something he calls "the international community." It doesn't exist. There are only groups of countries with a shared heritage of values, traditions, and political beliefs. When the very existence of such a community is threatened, as that of the Western democracies now is, that community has not only a right but a positive duty to defend itself. As Solzhenitsyn recently noted, the Soviets will enter wherever they are not stopped by a "wall"—the wall of Western power and resolve. And for the next two decades the most tempting bait in the world is the oil of the Persian Gulf. □

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LETTER FROM PARIS

He worshipped France. He incarnated France. As for the people who lived there, he put up with them for lack of an alternative. His misfortune was to be a great ruler of a France that was no longer great

A De Gaulle Retrospective

NICHOLAS KING

THE OCCASIONAL journal over here reminds its readers that it is ten years since General de Gaulle abruptly left power in France, and close to ten since he died on an autumn evening at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises. There are few in France who do not miss him still, and his name is invoked here every day in conversation, in speeches, and in the press, as the man who would never have done this or that foolish thing the politicians are doing now, would never have permitted this indignity or committed that outrage.

Looking at the first of the avalanche of memorial works commemorating the decade of his passing, one is struck by the museum quality of the man's personality, philosophically conceived, finely wrought, and stamped with an unmistakable seal. Museum—or reliquary? For de Gaulle's reign was in retrospect a sheaf of illuminations, an artifact of the French historical genius, as much as the brutal power struggle that it usually seemed. The tricolor and the fasces of the republic were the nominal and evident symbols of his office, but the style was monarchical, and the backdrop recalled, not too insubstantially, the Gothic arches and fleur-de-lys vesture of Capetian France.

Clovis and Charlemagne were frequently on the General's lips. "*L'état est là où je suis*" was not a phrase he used to signal democratic indistinction, and these regal airs inspired one of the wittiest and most successful chronicles of the 1960s—"La Cour" in the *Canard Enchaîné*—in which de Gaulle's movements and attitudes were parodied in the language of St. Simon's memoirs of Versailles and the life of Louis XIV. Like all successful parodies, it lent the force of reality to the concept it satirized, and contemporary French readers enjoyed every stroke identifying them with le Grand Siècle.

De Gaulle was not a dictator. That is too modern and too vulgar an idea, and the term does not connote the enthusiastic support and consent of his subjects. But he was a despot, a respectable despot, in whose presence one would rather die than blunder, and the stories of his devastating rebuffs were widely repeated and savored. In more than one way, he fulfilled the hunger for self-respect that the postwar Frenchman, humbled by ruin and tortured by Algeria and the wavering franc, felt so deeply. And because he was physically taller than other men, it was easy to assume, and not without justification, that he was morally taller too.

His most characteristic public appearances were his "press conferences," the *grandes levées* of the regime, and remembered as the most stately and contemptuous examples of this art-form in modern times. The journalists were treated with an officious scorn that de Gaulle might have enjoyed less had he guessed how much the journalists enjoyed it. Four hundred members of the Fourth Estate—for once, the sobriquet had an acute historical vibration—assembled on little gilt chairs in the Salle des Fêtes of the Elysée Palace and waited in the body heat surrounded by paintings of pink nymphs in gilt moldings. Then the curtain behind the dais parted suddenly, and the General strode out alone, without a note in his hands, and seated himself. "Mesdames, Messieurs, I am happy to see you here. Are there perhaps some questions you would like to put to me?"

Lackeys would dart about with pole microphones gathering the questions, for the questions were always asked in advance and grouped by topic, including the obviously planted ones. "Well, I see you are interested in three main subjects," he would announce, and then deliver himself of three word-perfect sermons, on Germany, perhaps, or the social order in France, or the Atlantic alliance. An hour and a half later, the dazed throng would make its way out of the palace into the Elysée forecourt, where, milling in a circular stream, they would interrogate each other on what precisely the General had meant. "Of course you notice he never mentioned Algeria once," an exegete would say. "For me, that is capital." "But, mon cher, surely the most important point was his remark on the future of the labor unions?"

The press attachés would fly back to

Mr. King is a former press attaché of the U.S. Embassy in Paris.

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their embassies with the texts, and the political officers would labor long into the night interpreting the bundle of thunderbolts, for the thunderbolts were always many, especially for the Americans, whose practices and policies de Gaulle was in a habit of assailing in his perennial campaign against the "Anglo-Saxons."

Whatever the newspapermen or diplomats or politicians said, no one ever knew what de Gaulle thought or what he was going to do next. For the head of a country to keep his own counsel absolutely is an astonishing achievement in our time of group decisions and collective reasoning. The moral force this habit gave birth to—indeed it was a moral force all by itself—has had no imitations since. The French themselves were at pains to explain that only their own combination of individualism and responsiveness to authority made it possible. But then de Gaulle was contemptuous of the French, whom, as he freely boasted, he had to frighten or stupefy to get his way. He worshipped France, he incarnated France. As for the people who lived there, he put up with them for lack of an alternative.

The historic misfortune of de Gaulle was that he was born to act out of his time, that he was a great Frenchman in a France that was no longer great. "He has ten, twenty divisions at his command," a Gaullist commentator used to say. "He should have had a thousand to realize his ambitions." But even with his limited resources, which came to include a toy nuclear strike force, he thumbed his nose at the rest of the West. What he did do was to remind the world of the lost measure of a statesman and, more than that, provide an example of the majesty of a dynamic will, as sure of its principles as of its sources. He held up to the leaders of other countries a new mirror for magistrates, and if they could not see themselves in it very clearly, it was not the fault of de Gaulle.

As if concluding the scene on the eve of the next decade came last fall the death of Madame de Gaulle, a full nine years after his death. Her own life was, like his, in the image of the powerful past, scaled down to the traditional dimensions of the army wife, and then the consort of an extraordinary statesman who lived in a dazzle she refused to share, almost to the point of reclusiveness. She was known only as a rather prim woman who disapproved actively of modern moral practices. Her clothes were suitable, but hardly an advertisement for the Parisian haute couture, and throughout her life she hardly ever made a memorable remark.

Yet "at the side" of her husband, in exile or in power, she lived her lot of modestly doing what she had to do, doing it not from weakness or diffidence but from choice and strength. She wanted to die when he died, and in effect her life ended with his death. During those nine years of survival she saw no one except her children and grandchildren. She said nothing in public. She took part in no reunions or commemorations, lent her name to nothing. Eventually illness forced her to leave her seclusion at Colombey, and she died in the military hospital of the Val-de-Grâce in Paris without a word, subsuming her epitaph totally in his.

De Gaulle's legacy lives, fairly visibly, in the Fifth Republic. President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing governs a France which, though not that of de Gaulle, is still honestly respectful of his spirit. The parties he hated have reappeared in strength, including, inevitably, a splinter which calls itself true Gaullist. The country is in balance and, from a historian's view at any rate, strong. The present government has attempted to pursue de Gaulle's aggressive foreign policies, at least in Africa, and the tokens of prestige he created, like the Concorde, are still in evidence. But the personality has of course vanished. No one pretends or, more important, wants to pretend it can return. □

Reflections

On a Best-Seller

She early learned the media did more
If she assumed the aspect of a whore
Which once assumed, it suited her well—
The difference grew very hard to tell.

On a Born Crusader

Here lies (we can't say to our culture's loss)
A born crusader, alas, without a cross,
Who, loving the feel of armor and a mace
And wanting foes, smashed in his neighbor's face.

On Arcturus, a Star

Arcturus played a thousand roles on stage
Yet found himself unable in old age
To play himself. Himself? I wonder why?
Himself was such a shallow, vapid guy.

On Dunce, a Sculptor

Dunce carved his statues with all his heart
And all the cunning of the sculptor's art.
The world junked all his work when he was dead:
His heart had been as empty as his head.

—Herbert A. Kenny

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My Girlfriend Wears Chador Plus Jeans

PETER VIERECK

TWO SPEAKERS. *The first, printed with quotes and normal type, speaks all but the final line; with an effort at empathy, envision him as a student revolutionist in Teheran. The concluding one-line second speaker, printed without quotes and in italics, could be any liberal-conservative fellow American, perhaps a non-white fellow American, achieving lawful social reforms. The exaggerated frivolity of rhyme and jingle should serve as sardonic counterpoint to enhance the solemnity of the hostage tragedy. The issues here raised, as the title implies, become all the more relevant after the hostages' release.*

"There is no more fundamental prerequisite for the conduct of relations between states than the inviolability of diplomatic envoys . . . under international law."—*World Court, December 15, 1979.*

"You and your legality! . . . If one had to ask you lawyers beforehand for permission, there would never have been a revolution in all the thousands of years of history. From the viewpoint of law every revolution is illegal. [But] revolutions are the great forward thrusts which create upheaval and force things forward. Many must break and bleed in the process!"—*Adolf Hitler, 1934, quoted by G. M. Gilbert in Peter Viereck's* Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals, *Greenwood Press, Westport, Conn., 1978.*

I

"So you want to know why our Ayatollah
Is so doubly fierce a j'accusing Zola?
Well, try to imagine a Holy Roller
Jenghiz Khan.
Call him the aya-totalitarian
Clarion of our clan.
Don't call him a Hitler; he's a frailer and brittler
Old-fashioned victrola;
Yet he, too, dumps world law in the can.
Of legality he's no extoller;
He yanks diplomat-Yanks like a molar;
Our stern Ayatollah won't play the viola
Your performers call 'rights of man.'
Our stern Ayatollah, out-sterning Loyola,
Pans every unpuritan Pan;
He's so stern he can spurn, as hostages learn,
The compassion that crowns the Koran.
Our chaste Ayatollah's the Savonarola
Who preached at the Yank courtesan.
But our ripe Ayatollah's no soft Gorgonzola;
Look, he hijacked the Yank caravan."

II

"Remember, remember what you did to Lumumba?
Your 'errands of mercy' (Allende? Ruanda?)
Uplift 'native' buddies with Disneyland goodies
Of napalm and 'free world' books.
Who ambushed our Mossadegh junta
When you sent your first CIA spooks?
Kermit the WASP was the hunter,
Condescending to westernize gooks.
But of late, to be blunt (in fact Blunt, Sir),
Self-hate so elates angel-Saxon elites
They elope with . . . our *vitale élan.*
They get hooked when a chic third-world tan
Makes our xenophobe rearguard look van.
And when our 'excesses' distress their caresses
Or when Ayatollahs exhaust oil's payolas,
Your Left-snobs blame dolors on dollars
And Right-rednecks play red-scare again.
Once home of Judge Lynch, a past you've rejected:
It's your turn to flinch when we gooks you've infected
Lynch an American."

III

"Our new anti-shah shah is a mystic poohbah;
And if we in secret can't truly believe
In his new Middle Ages—let's believe we believe.
He gave us our roots back (even if plastic ones);
He gave us back fervors (even if spastic ones).
Sure, we're mixed-up kids in our teens;
My girlfriend wears chador plus jeans;
I'm so East lest you guess I'm so West.
Between Allah and Marx my eyes zigzag like sparks;
The more schizo my glance, the more zealot my stance.
Who cares if it's error?—my id is my Führer;
Sweet terror, sweet terror is sweeping all Terra;
We did it to Moro, we did it to Speyer;
It taught lordly Rome and smug bourgeois Essen
A lesson.
If terror's not 'good,' down with good!
Soon all the world's coolies will toast Ayatollahs,
Not with wine (we decline) nor satanic Coca-Colas
But blood."

IV

"What wind from the grave has just chilled our thrilled throngs?
What gloating, what smirking are lurking?
Stalin's ghost!—our new guide for exploiting the wrongs
You admit you commit, and for scorning as myth
Each boring slow law that you're righting them with.
So . . . we've proved REVOLUTION the only solution.
Rebut us if you can."
—*Two words. Cambodia. Iran.* □

Mr. Viereck, a Pulitzer-winning poet, has been giving readings at the Library of Congress and Harvard from his new poetry ms. Applewood. *Next year Louisiana State University Press will publish new editions of his* Conservatism: From John Adams to Churchill *and* Meta-Politics: Roots of the Nazi Mind.

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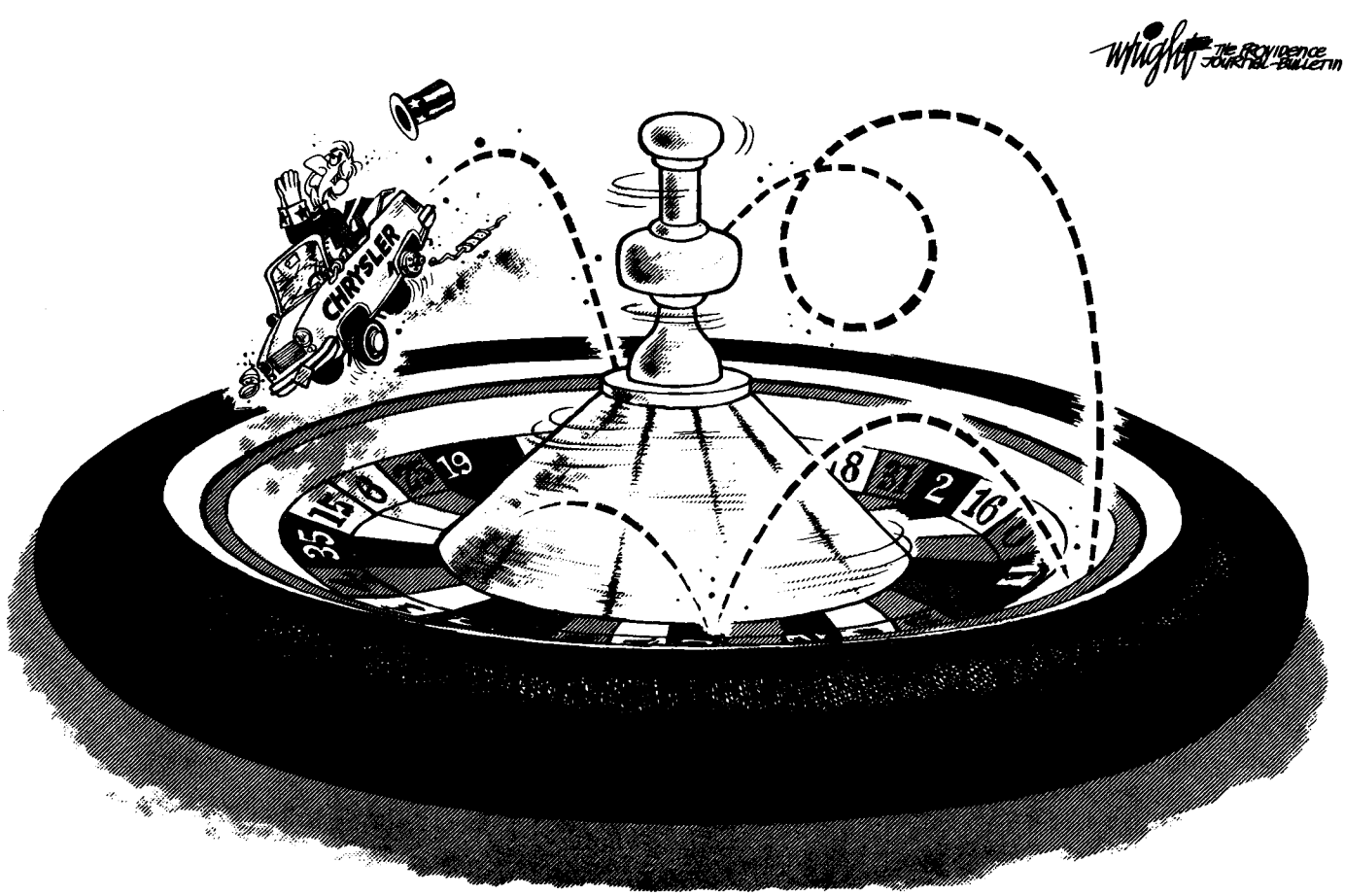
help !!!!
MARTHA, I THINK I'M SUFFERING FROM AN OVERDOSE OF INSIGHT!
BY GOLLY, PULLOUT IS WHAT THEY WANT?!!.... ...IS PULLOUT THEY'RE GOING TO GET!!
AFGHANISTAN
The Dallas Morning News/Field Syndicate '80.



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MACNELLY THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER ©1980 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE
The SUMMIT HOTEL Venice
I kept having this strange, sinking feeling.

Sonnet of the Anti-Nukers

If nuclear . . . therefore it must be bad;
  Denounce such power with a protest squeal.
The scientists made it (surely they're all mad),
  It's better not to think and just to feel.
Back to a simpler time of skins and stones!
  When things go wrong—the answer's in the stars
Or evil spells or reading chicken bones
  Or sacrifices to all gods but Mars.
The atom was not meant to be explored—
  Its splitting was the work of brazen fools.
Let's march until the Stone Age is restored,
  With rocks and flints *our* kind of splitting tools.
Atomic Power? Seal it in its grave.
We are *Progressive*. Onward to the cave!

—JACK KIRWAN

"Have you noticed how, since Nixon, everything is made out of plastic?"

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FRIENDLY PERSUASION

Welcome, Andrei

MICHAEL CLEVELAND

RUMANIA, a Warsaw Pact country which manages upon occasion to take a foreign-policy stand independently of the Soviet Union, recently condemned the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. A few days later, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko arrived in Bucharest for talks. He opened the conversation, conducted around a circular table in a quiet conference room, by extracting from his pocket a large pistol.

"Now," he said, "let us see if we can settle our differences amicably."

He placed the pistol on the table. The Rumanians present for the discussion looked at one another but said nothing.

"It is good," Gromyko said, patting the pistol, "that you feel free to speak your mind as a nation. This we encourage."

The Rumanians smiled, somewhat relieved.

"Yes," Gromyko said as he shoved the pistol slightly to one side and took from his pocket a small toy tank which he began pushing back and forth on the table, "we like to know that our friends feel secure enough in our friendship to speak out, even if in speaking out they run the risk of angering their friends."

The Rumanians stopped smiling.

"Of course," Gromyko said as he took from his pocket a toy MiG jet fighter which he used to fly air cover for the toy tank, "we sometimes wonder how friendly our friends can be when they seem to take advantage of our friendship to speak out on issues which it would seem to their friends are none of their business."

The Rumanians sat fascinated by the Foreign Minister's joint ground-to-air operations on the table.

"But such is the state of the world at this time," the Russian said as he pulled from another pocket a toy soldier and placed it behind the tank and under the umbrella of the MiG, "that many countries feel it incumbent upon themselves to become involved in the business of other countries. The world is such a small place today what with air travel" —and with that he made the MiG perform a barrel roll—"and better roads" —he caused the tank to race a few feet toward the nearest Rumanian—"that people"—he pointed to the soldier— "are naturally concerned about the actions of other people."

The Rumanians carefully studied the toy soldier, which was quite well armed.

"However," Gromyko said as he removed from his pocket a model of a factory, "concern and interference are two different things, I think."

The Rumanians were puzzled by the appearance of the factory.

"Concern, I think," the Foreign Minister said as he took from his pocket a model of a farmhouse, "is manifested by one friend saying privately to another friend, 'I am concerned about certain actions you have taken,' and then going back to minding his own business."

The Rumanians were mesmerized by the farmhouse.

"Interference, I think," Gromyko sai as he extracted from his pocket a mode of a train, "is manifested by one sc called friend making statements to th world at large, which statements are t the detriment of the friend about whor the statements were made."

The Rumanians noticed that the trai was emblazoned with Rumanian mark ings.

"We sometimes feel," the Russia said as he lined up the factory, farm house, and train in front of him on th table, "that friends who interfere rathe than express concern are not friends a all and, thus, should be treated not a friends."

A few of the Rumanians were begin ning to sweat.

"And when friends can no longer b treated as friends," Gromyko said as h placed the tank and soldier in front o the factory, farmhouse, and train, "they must be treated, and oh how it pains m to say this, as enemies."

And while the Rumanians watched awestruck, Gromyko brought the MiG in his hand down on top of the factory farmhouse, and train, smashing them flat. He then took the tank and ran over the remains of the models, and followed that action by causing the toy soldier to stomp through the rubble. Afterward, he lined up the tank, airplane, and soldier in the center of the table and picked up the pistol.

"But why speak of such unpleasant things," Gromyko said with a smile as he sighted along the barrel of the revolver. "Let me tell you about my trip to Czechoslovakia, which is where I obtained this gun . . ." □

Mr. Cleveland writes a daily column of political and social satire for the Herald-News *of Passaic, New Jersey.*

"That's an occasional chair—sometimes it's there, sometimes it isn't."

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BLACKS & TUITION TAX CREDITS

Students of inner-city alternative schools are learning at or near the national norm—two to three years above the level of their peers in nearby public schools. Why, then, are black leaders so opposed to them?

Freedom of Choice for Inner-City Parents

ORLAN LOVE

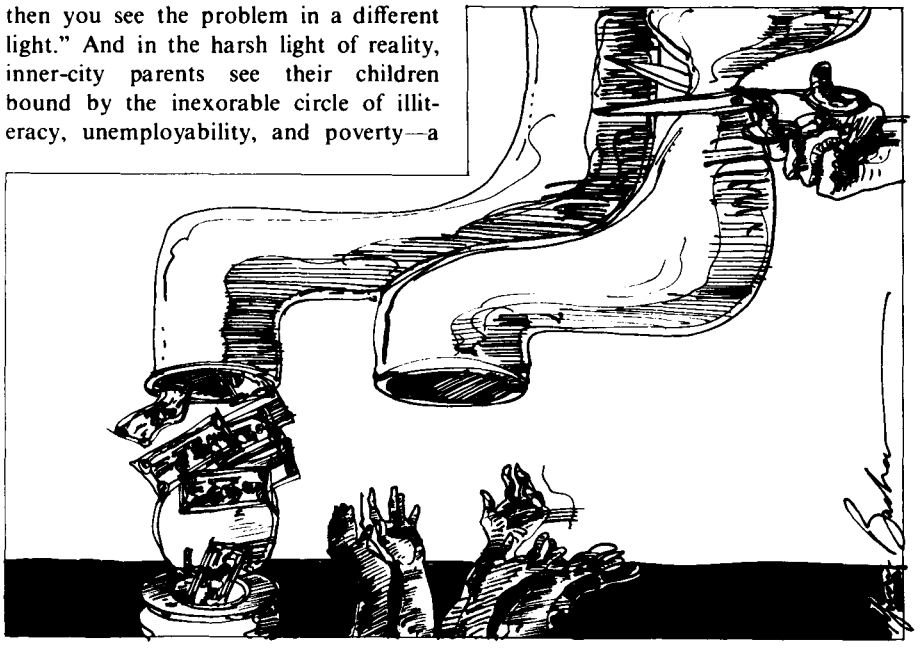
SUPPRESSING TEARS of frustration and embarrassment, a young black man slips unobtrusively out of the employment office, slam-dunking a crumpled form into a wastebasket on his way out the door. Although he has spent a dozen years in inner-city public schools, this aspiring worker cannot read and write well enough to fill out a standard job application. Sadder still is the fact that the wastebasket, by the time the janitor empties it, will be brimming with crumpled, partially completed applications—waste paper symbolizing the wasted lives of a lost generation, the current product of our inner-city public schools.

The U.S. Department of Education readily concedes that 42 per cent of black 17-year-olds are functionally illiterate. Notwithstanding the tragic import of such a statistic, it has been dismissed with a shrug of government shoulders; after all, it is a mere statistic. Ironically, though, black leaders, who could be expected to express profound concern with such a sorrowful statistic, have also chosen to shrug their shoulders. For when Congress considered the Packwood-Moynihan tuition tax credit bill—a bill that would have provided low-income, inner-city minority-group members with the financial help they desperately need to choose alternative education—black leaders almost uniformly opposed it. Both the NAACP and the National Urban League opposed tuition tax credits, as did celebrated black columnists Jesse Jackson, Carl Rowan, and Vernon Jarret. And black congressmen voted 10 to 1 against the bill that would have provided tax credits to hundreds of thousands of inner-city black parents.

Black leaders may discount the significance of such an alarming statistic, but the parents of those illiterate children do not. They understand this statistic in a highly personal way: their children suffer the consequences of low-quality education in the public schools. Not some nameless, faceless group; not black children in general. But flesh of their flesh. Blood of their blood.

As Mrs. E. Babette Edwards, president of the Harlem Parents Union, has stated: "When you are the victim, when it is your children who are unenlightened, unemployed or unemployable, the criminal, the junkie, disillusioned, defeated before they even begin to live, then you see the problem in a different light." And in the harsh light of reality, inner-city parents see their children bound by the inexorable circle of illiteracy, unemployability, and poverty—a circle which stretches to encompass crime and welfare but little else.

In this matter black leaders have lost touch with their followers. Pollster Louis Harris has noted that "black leadership underestimates the deeply felt anguish of blacks about the lack of job opportunities and the toll of unemployment among their own people." Not surprisingly, in that same poll, Harris documented among blacks a startling erosion of confidence in their leaders. In 1970, according to Harris, civil-rights leaders such as the NAACP and the Urban League received a "highly effective" rating from 67 per cent of blacks, while the corresponding figure for elected black officials was a glowing 71 per cent. Nine years later those figures had plummeted to 53 and 41 per cent, respectively.



Mr. Love is director of publications of the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights.

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That precipitous decline is at least partly attributable to black leaders' opposition to tuition tax credits, as another poll, taken by the *New York Times* and CBS News, demonstrates. According to that poll, blacks favor the enactment of a tuition tax credit program by a 60 to 32 margin, while black congressmen voted against it by a 10 to 1 margin.

Is Anybody Learning?

The failure of inner-city schools has been underscored by a CBS News documentary entitled "Is Anybody Out There Learning?" Apparently not, concluded CBS, reporting that four of every ten students are absent from public schools on any given day.

Moreover, if anybody out there *is* learning, it's unlikely that he's learning discipline. Not when the National Education Association, the public-school teachers' union, can report 54,000 cases of physical assault against its members in one year. No wonder parents who can scrape together the requisite tuition money have removed their children from the public schools and enrolled them, often at great personal sacrifice, in private inner-city schools—their last hope for a quality education for their children.

Black leader Jesse Jackson has remarked upon the phenomenon. In one of his syndicated columns, he noted that black families "willingly expose their children to Catholic dogma, even though it challenges their own beliefs." Jackson then explains why they do that: "What they want," he says, "is an educated child." And in central cities across the nation, parents who send their children to alternative schools—whether Catholic or not—are getting educated children: not only children who can read and write, but children who can also distinguish right from wrong.

In inner-city alternative schools, students are learning at or near the national norm, which is two to three years above the level of their peers in nearby public schools. Absentee rates rarely exceed 5 per cent, for when parents have to scrimp to pay tuition, they take a much keener interest in their children's education; they make sure their children do their homework and attend classes. Drug abuse and physical assault are practically non-existent in private central-city schools. And parents, far from being rebuffed, are encouraged and, in many cases, required to become actively involved in many phases of their children's education.

Jackson acknowledges that non-public schools are citadels of academic excellence in the inner cities, and he applauds their emphasis on teaching moral values. "Foremost among these [schools]," he says, "are the Catholic schools that—despite receiving no taxes, despite typically old facilities, despite charging tuition—have become a refuge for children in cities like Chicago."

Yes, Jackson recognizes black parents' fervent desire to make high-quality education available to their children. Yet he refused to endorse the Packwood-Moynihan bill, which he called "the well-intentioned but destructive 'tuition credit' scheme of the Congress and the Carter Administration." Although the measure would have meant the resuscitation of the minds of countless black youths, Jackson nonetheless urged that every last education tax dollar be allocated toward "reforming public education rather than subsidizing its continuing deterioration." He advocated chasing bad money with good, because he failed to understand that his revered inner-city public schools can only be salvaged by making them compete with high-quality alternative schools.

7.2 per cent

In August 1978, when the Senate dismembered the tuition tax credit bill, as Jackson had urged, another black columnist, Carl T. Rowan, patted the senators on the back. "The Senate faced up, in part, to the racial and religious implications of the tuition tax credit bill when it rejected provisions that would have given aid to parents with children in private and parochial elementary and secondary schools," said Rowan.

Rowan might have better understood the "racial and religious implications of the tuition tax credit bill" had he understood that there are 240,000 black children currently enrolled in Catholic schools—7.2 per cent of those schools' total enrollment. That many more students, currently too poor to pay tuition, would have been rapidly enrolled in Catholic schools if the bill had been passed.

Moreover, in the cities, where the majority of blacks live, the figures are more telling yet. In the District of Columbia, black children make up 73 per cent of the total student population in parochial schools. Of the twenty thousand children enrolled in Catholic elementary schools in New Orleans, more than nine thousand are black. Half the Catholic schools in that city are more than 40 per cent black, and six of those schools have one non-Catholic to every Catholic student. A similar story is unfolding in Chicago, where blacks and Hispanics account for 41 per cent of the Catholic elementary-school population. And in Los Angeles, just one in three Catholic-school students is a white child.

Rowan could gain further insight into the implications of race and religion in education by examining the Harris poll alluded to earlier in this article. Harris asked Catholics, Jews, and Protestants whether they would like their children to attend school with blacks. Of the Catholics polled, 35 per cent said yes, 11 per cent no; of the Protestants, 30 per cent said yes, 16 per cent no; of the Jews, 21 per cent said yes, 21 per cent no. From those figures, Rowan could safely conclude that low-income, inner-city black children would be likely to encounter less racial prejudice in private schools, which are predominantly Catholic, than they would in public schools.

By far the most salutary effect that religion has in education, though, is the instillation and reinforcement of values. Rowan would do well to heed the words of his colleague, Jesse Jackson, on this subject. In an article in which he cited Catholic schools as a model for the revitalization of public schools, Jackson noted that "with the Catholic dogma also come hard lessons in morality, about proper and improper conduct, lessons too often missing in our public schools." Moreover, while religion does not explain quality education, it certainly contributes to its attainment by establishing an environment suitable for learning. For notwithstanding many common perceptions, religious training in inner-city Catholic schools is not intended to save souls or win converts; rather, it is intended to communicate concern and care, to instill a respect for

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self and others that inhibits fighting, vandalism, abusive language, drug abuse, and even apathy.

Missing the Mark

One black columnist who is not opposed to private or parochial schools is Vernon Jarret of the *Chicago Tribune*. "I received my college education at a private school," said Jarret, "and I enrolled my two sons in schools with Protestant and Catholic denominations." But, he concluded, "at no point have I felt the government should pay my bills." While Jarret's self-sufficiency is certainly commendable, his self-righteousness is not. He has benefited from alternative education. His children are benefiting from alternative education. But those who can't afford alternative education can go to . . . well, they can go to public schools.

Moreover, Jarret misses the mark completely when he implies that parents of private-school students are asking the government to pay their bills. In effect, all they are asking for is freedom to choose their children's school without having to bear the double burden of paying taxes plus tuition.

Given black parents' desire to exercise freedom of choice in education, the opposition of black leaders to tuition tax credits—a program that would facilitate that freedom—is particularly incongruous, not to mention annoying. More and more black parents are wondering why their leaders continue to thwart efforts that would help them attain such a fundamental good as equal access to quality education.

UCLA Professor Thomas Sowell, editor of *Essays and Data on American Ethnic Groups*, is a black proponent of tuition tax credits who has a theory about black leaders. According to Sowell, "Black leadership has come disproportionately from two highly atypical groups—descendants of blacks free before the Civil War and West Indian immigrants. Thus, much of the black leadership speaks in the name of a black population from which it differs socially and economically; further, that population has long been despised by the groups in which the leaders have their own roots."

There is yet another reason, Professor Sowell asserts, why black leaders spearhead drives in directions opposite to those sought by most blacks: "Black leaders share a social vision common among the white liberal elite with whom their lives are intertwined and from whom they receive the favorable publicity and financial support essential to their roles as black leaders."

Black leaders, says Sowell, have not been selected by the black community as their representatives. Rather, he says, they have simply been "regarded by the white news media, white philanthropy, and white politicians as 'spokesmen' for the black masses." For this reason, Sowell observes, "Much of the black leadership is not in the business of leading blacks but of extracting what they can from whites, and their strategies and rhetoric reflect that orientation."

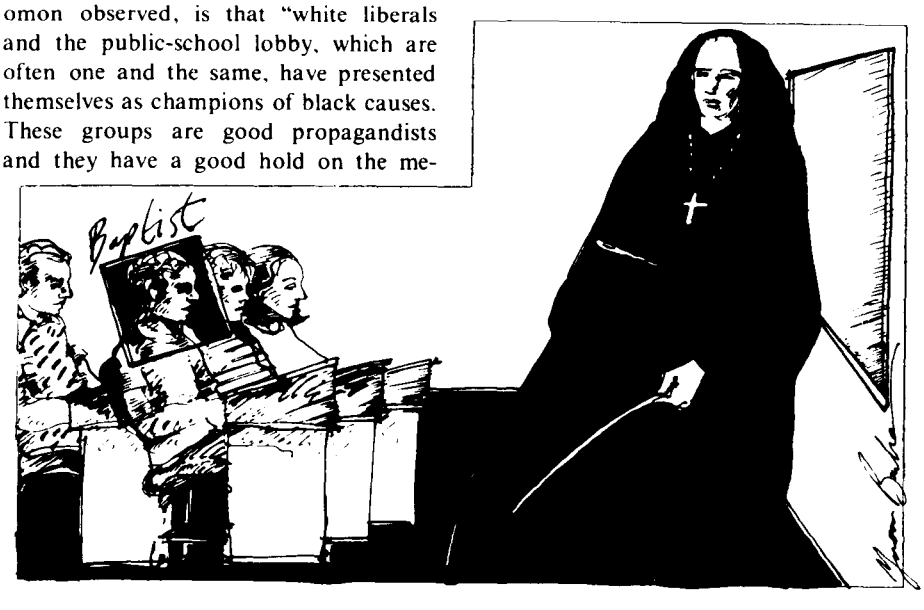
Victor Solomon, another black proponent of tuition tax credits, says the gulf between blacks and their leaders on this issue is partly attributable to the fact that most black leaders are so wedded to the public-school establishment that they can no longer be objective about tuition tax credits. According to Solomon, who is a director of Citizens for Educational Freedom and the former director of education for the Congress of Racial Equality, "The NAACP has such an investment in busing and integration in the public schools, going all the way back to the *Brown* decision in 1954, that it just cannot countenance tax monies going to any schools other than public schools."

Another reason why black leaders have shied away from tax credits, Solomon observed, is that "white liberals and the public-school lobby, which are often one and the same, have presented themselves as champions of black causes. These groups are good propagandists and they have a good hold on the media. When they say, 'We're for blacks,' a lot of blacks swallow that line and think that white liberals and the public-school lobby really do have the interests of blacks at heart."

But in addition to pressure from white liberals and the fact that, to a certain extent, black congressmen are under the thrall of the NAACP, there is, Solomon said, another and even more important reason for their opposition to the Packwood-Moynihan bill: "They don't want to appear to support any issue that could be perceived by blacks as racist." Many black leaders wrongly identify tax credits with white flight, Solomon explained—adding that there are precedents which make such a reaction understandable. "Back in the Fifties and Sixties, when schools in the South were under pressure to conform with integration laws," he said, "some states, in order to evade the law, did propose tax credit and tuition grant schemes, which were clearly an abuse of the tuition tax credit concept." As a result of those early programs, "The words 'tuition tax credit' still elicit in many black leaders a knee-jerk reaction that the concept is inherently racist."

Solomon said he doesn't foresee black leaders suddenly embracing tuition tax credits in the near future. But, he noted, "Momentum is building rapidly at the grassroots level, and sooner or later elected black officials are going to have to take notice."

Until they do, however, the wasted paper in employment offices will continue to mount, as will the toll of wasted lives in our inner cities. □



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Abroad

Warsaw *No Afghan Fringe*

Washington's trade sanctions against the Soviet Union following the invasion of Afghanistan are scarcely carried over into Eastern Europe. In fact, the United States Department of Agriculture has just opened an office here to promote business not only with Poland but with Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Rumania, which together bought almost $1 billion worth of American farm products last year. Washington has also offered to provide credits for building a grain elevator at the Baltic port of Gdynia, through which Poland imported several million tons of American grain in 1979. Perhaps in an effort to put the Carter Administration at ease, Polish officials, in recent talks with American Secretary of Commerce Philip Klutznick, have been careful to promise that there is no question of trans-shipping American grain to the Soviet Union.

Belgrade *Religion after Tito*

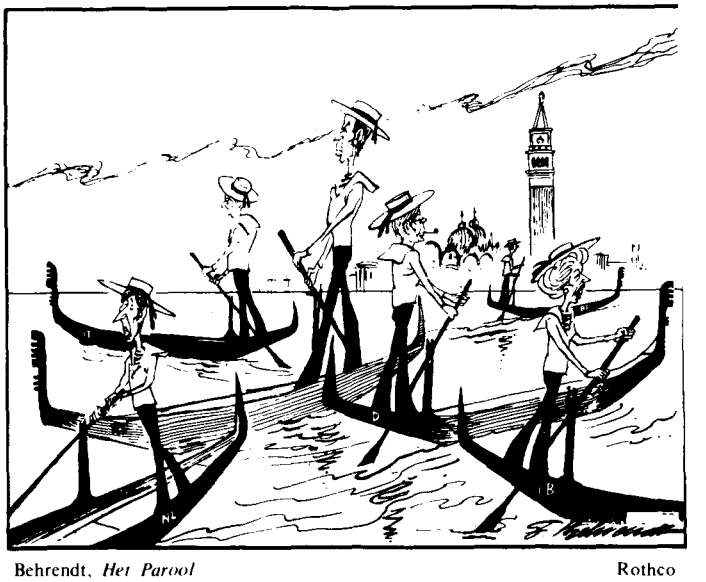
President Carter's recent visit underlined the hope that Yugoslavia's independence of policy and position may continue after the recent death of Marshal Tito, who forged that independence. But Carter's schedule gave him little time to consider the important role religion promises to play in the country's future. Despite the fact that Tito's Communist regime persistently promoted atheism and discriminated against religious believers, the revival of religious belief and practice in recent years is undeniable. The two main church groups are the Orthodox Serbs, who comprise 40 per cent of Yugoslavia's twenty million people, and the Catholic Croatians, who account for 30 per cent. During the Second World War, the Germans manipulated Croatian nationalism and Croatian Catholicism at the expense of the Orthodox priesthood and structure, and the trial of Archbishop Stepinac of Zagreb was a reflection of a postwar settling of accounts. Stepinac was sentenced to 16 years in prison but was released after serving five of them. Today his name is the focus of a Catholic revival that is an outlet for Croatian nationalism. There are even suggestions that Stepinac be canonized. Furthermore Yugoslavia, alone among European countries outside the Soviet Union, has a large Moslem minority—11 per cent of the people—with over two thousand mosques, mostly in the region of Sarajevo in Bosnia. Relations with the Orthodox church have been friendly in the past, but recent upheavals in Islam have been echoed in the stirrings of local Moslem nationalism. Religious harmony, as well as ethnic cooperation, is considered necessary if Yugoslavia's always fragile unity is to stand up to the external pressures of a future that it faces without Marshal Tito.

London *No Chips, No Fish*

Britain's fishing industry, once one of the biggest in the world, is near collapse. In the past six years, four hundred deep-sea trawlers have been sold, myriads of smaller vessels scrapped, and many fishermen forced to turn to other occupations. Famous British fishing ports like Hull and Grimsby have almost ceased to function. Part of the blame lies with the closing of the rich Icelandic fishing grounds following the fish "war" of recent years. Another cause has been the huge imports of fish from other Common Market countries, and the violation of conservation laws by those countries' fishermen in British waters. These laws limit the catches of certain fish by British vessels. Rising fuel costs are another source of the industry's distress. Trawler owners want an immediate £50 million ($120 million) from the government to save the industry from disappearing entirely. They also want a reduction in fish imports and an increase in their support payments. Whatever help is forthcoming, the prospects for a revival of commercial fishing in Britain are poor.

Peking *The Basic Resource*

Remember how Chinese coolies worked on the Union Pacific Railroad a hundred years ago? Great changes have taken place since then, but China is once again interested in marketing its greatest single resource, human labor. No less than eight different organizations, called engineering and manpower service companies, have been set up to earn badly needed foreign exchange in return for work by unskilled laborers, craftsmen, and even designers and engineers. There are few details on the nature of the projects so far contracted for overseas, but one job mentioned is a conference hall, theater, and hotel complex for South Yemen. There has been talk of other contracts in France and Italy, but no specifics have been given. At present there are believed to be only five hundred Chinese workers abroad, but the number is expected to increase rapidly despite competition from more experienced contract labor from South Korea and Hong Kong. One commentator in the Chinese press notes that if one million Chinese can be sent to work abroad in the next three years, and if each worker makes between $7,000 and $8,000 a year, of which he sends home a third, then foreign capital entering China will total $2.5 billion, not counting the profits made by the ventures.



Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

Together in Venice . . .

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Redoubts of Liberal Education

When my recent book *Decadence and Renewal in the Higher Learning* was about ready to be sent to the printer, one or two of Mr. Henry Regnery's editors thought that I ought to enlarge the "Renewal" part of the book, apparently on the "equal time" principle. I replied that I would lie if I did so: there's a great deal more educational decadence today than there is educational renewal.

Indeed, some sparks of renewal described in that book of mine have been extinguished since I wrote. I wrote about the Integrated Humanities Program (IHP) at the University of Kansas, once called Pearson College. This fine program concerned with the great ideas of our civilization was, after years of harassment, executed by the University's potentates last year. Why? For one thing, because of "elitism"—read, actually, "superiority"—that is, it was much better than anything offered in the general college. And because of religious bigotry: the three professors of IHP were Catholics and so were assailed by Unitarians, Jews, and militant atheists, who objected to an alleged breach in the Great Wall of Separation.

And just now, at the University of San Francisco (allegedly a Jesuit institution), the admirable St. Ignatius Institute is in grave trouble. In 1978, on this page, I gave some account of the Institute, which has had high intellectual standards and aspirations. The Institute has just lost an arbitration case at the University—a bad blow in the Institute's struggle with liberals and radicals on the University's faculty. Now the Institute is forced to accept as a professor on its staff a Jesuit, of whose competence the Institute's director has no high opinion, who opposes the papal encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. If this continues, it will be possible to flood the Institute with staff people opposed to the Institute's purposes. Why does a large element of the University's faculty wish to damage the Institute? Why, envy, for one reason: it's too good and too successful—and too Catholic. This last point was made candidly by the lawyer for the faculty association, who also temperately described the Institute as the "Hitlerian" wedge into the University and wailed about incipient "fascism"—apparently because the Institute's director has an Italian surname.

If a genuine attempt at liberal learning and religious orthodoxy cannot be made even at a long-established Jesuit university, where can such endeavors survive? Well, one young collegiate renewal is prospering: Thomas Aquinas College, now situated on a brand-new campus at 10000 North Ojai Road, Santa Paula, California.

I discuss Thomas Aquinas College at quite some length in my *Decadence and Renewal*. It is a very small, admirably planned liberal arts college with a Great Books program in all four years of study. It is very Catholic, though it does not exclude non-communicants. If one seeks genuine intellectual discipline, that can be found at Thomas Aquinas; and so can genuine academic community.

My account of this college, on this page, in the first year of its operation, attracted many of the early students. In its nine years, the college has maintained high standards, and it will not reduce them when, before long, the enrollment is increased by 50 per cent. Thomas Aquinas does not accept transfer students: one has to study the full four years on its campus. (Some young people have started all over again at Aquinas, for the sake of what the College offers and delivers.)

Mr. Peter DeLuca, the College's vice president, writes to me of progress: "The quality of our students, both moral and intellectual, continues good. Our average SAT score in the school is about 1,125. Among freshmen accepted thus far for next year it is approximately 1,200. During the last three years contribution support for the College has averaged about $1 million per year."

Aquinas accepts both young men and young women—in about equal numbers, as it turns out, though it's not planned that way. There are few or no "in loco parentis" problems, because the sort of student who chooses Aquinas is intellectually and emotionally mature. Since it is independent, with its own board of governors, Thomas Aquinas College cannot be overwhelmed by malignant liberals or radicals after the fashion of what happened at the University of Kansas and is happening at the University of San Francisco.

But what if one doesn't take to Catholic dogma? Is there some non-Catholic equivalent to Thomas Aquinas College? Well, yes: there still holds up its head the progenitor or exemplar of Thomas Aquinas College. I refer to one of the oldest colleges in these United States: St. John's College, with its handsome original campus at Annapolis and a recently founded Western campus at Santa Fe.

In general, Great Books programs on American campuses emulate the St. John's program, with varying degrees of success. At Annapolis and Santa Fe, the famous program has not been reduced in quality with the passing of the years. St. John's continues humane and serene, unaffected by fad and foible. To develop what Newman called "a philosophical habit of mind," America has nothing superior to St. John's College.

And of course other good colleges endure in this country, some of them commended from time to time on this page. One of the more admirable Great Books programs may be found at Notre Dame University. There are sound Protestant colleges to be encountered yet: take Calvin College, in Grand Rapids, the only four-year college of the Christian Reformed Church, which grows in enrollment and reputation at a time when most church-related colleges vacillate and dwindle.

But most American colleges, and the undergraduate divisions of America's universities, in general have become little better than staging areas where young persons occupy their idle hours before taking up some tolerably gainful occupation. □

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Useful Idiots

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

The Spike
By Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss
Crown, 374 pp., $12.95

"L'histoire est un roman qui a été, le roman est l'histoire qui aurait pu être."
—Jules and Edmond Goncourt

It may be risky to disagree with the *New York Times*' Executive Editor; still I must chance it. Abe Rosenthal is quoted in a recent issue of *Times Talk*, the *New York Times*' in-house magazine, as saying that "Flora [Lewis] is the world's greatest correspondent." With all due respect to Miss Lewis, who became the *Times*' foreign affairs columnist June 1, and with a lamentable lack of chivalry, I beg to differ with Rosenthal.

As far as I'm concerned, if there is such a category as "world's greatest correspondent," the title-holder ought to be Arnaud de Borchgrave. With publication of this jointly authored novel, I think it is time to celebrate de Borchgrave as the consistently best-informed correspondent—the greatest, if you will—on any weekly or daily publication including the *New York Times*.

A Belgian by birth, a Parisian by style, and an American by temperament, de Borchgrave has, with a savvy co-author, produced a remarkable espionage thriller jammed with details about the world of Soviet espionage and ineffective U.S. counter-espionage. Robert Moss, the co-author, is an Australian-born specialist in intelligence and editor of the spectacularly well-informed *Foreign Report*, published by the London *Economist*. Both men are anti-Communists, a political category which went out of fashion in the U.S. a decade ago but which seems to be making a somewhat belated comeback even among liberals in the Carter Administration.

Their superbly crafted and utterly credible story is informed by a simple theme: What happens when a superpower, in the name of civil rights, guts its intelligence agencies, specifically the CIA and the FBI, in the face of metastasizing assault by the KGB in the U.S. and throughout the world, free and unfree? After reading the first chapter, I turned to the title pages and examined them line by line, microdot by microdot, seeking in vain the usual disclaimer: "The events and persons depicted here are entirely fictional and any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental." Therefore, one deduces that this is no mere *roman à clef*. It is fictional non-fiction, what Norman Mailer calls "faction," a *roman vérité*. All of the characters resemble real people—the CIA's ousted counter-intelligence chief James Angleton, William Colby, Patrick Moynihan, Zbigniew Brzezinski, the Georgia Mafia, the editors of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, a Vanessa Redgrave-Jane Fonda type, and, of course, President Carter himself.

The time-frame is a little confusing, but I take it the events depicted here occur after President Carter is, as the novel has it, defeated for renomination and another Southerner, surrounded by an entourage of innocents, useful idiots, and Americans consciously working for the KGB, takes over. Security checks are now a thing of the past, and the White House as well as various Senate committees are peopled by *osnovnye agenty*, *doveryonnye litsa*, and *tyomhye verboury*, three categories of KGB operatives described by Viktor Barisov, a KGB executive masquerading in Washington and Geneva as a Soviet journalist, who defects and turns everybody in.* Barisov's testimony before a congressional committee is one of the most dramatic confrontations between friend and foe I've ever read.

The Spike gets its title from newspaper slang. When an editor orders a story killed, he says, "Spike it," and it goes on a sharp-pointed spindle on his desk. The spiked story here has been written by Robert Hockney, a reporter for the *New York World*. As the novel opens he is doing an anti-CIA exposé, but he later begins to wonder about what's going on on the dark side of the moon, the KGB. His investigations, culminating in the Barisov defection, demonstrate infiltration into the highest U.S. circles of power—but the *New York World* spikes the story.

What journalist Hockney does in this novel brings up something which has troubled me about the Senate and House intelligence oversight committees. Why aren't these congressional committees investigating—or why haven't they

*An *osnovny agent*, a principal agent, provides vital secrets and has been trained by the KGB. A *doveryonnoe litso* is totally reliable politically and carries out Soviet instructions but is not a formal KGB agent. A *tyomhaya verboura* is an unconscious source, a person who serves Soviet interests without knowing what he is doing. This person Lenin called the useful idiot.

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already done so?—the activities of the KGB and other satellite intelligence agencies, at least in the U.S.? After all, if civil liberties of Americans are violated by unauthorized wiretapping, isn't it an equal violation when Soviet agents eavesdrop on the conversations of the same Americans? Senator Moynihan's discourse on the subject of KGB eavesdropping in the U.S. went largely unnoticed by the media. Isn't it time that Abe Rosenthal assigned the *Times*' current Seymour Hersh to check what the KGB is doing? Shouldn't the *Washington Post* be investigating what the KGB and its allied agencies are up to?

The novel's subsidiary theme is that while the Free World tosses and turns about whether positive and counter-intelligence is democratic (a moral dilemma encouraged by Lenin's "useful idiots" and subsidiary agencies of the Ford Foundation), the KGB and Soviet-bloc agencies are working virtually with impunity in the heart of enemy territory—Washington, D.C. How do I know this? Because when 302 FBI agents are assigned to vetting Freedom of Information and Privacy Act applications, that's 302 fewer FBI counter-intelligence agents. And when the former ratio of one FBI agent to one KGB suspect is now a ratio of one agent to four KGB suspects, you know that Yuri Andropov, head of the KGB, never had it so good.

BECAUSE this novel deals dramatically with *the* issue of our time—survival against the Soviet drive for world domination—and because it does this with great skill and a breath-taking narrative flow, de Borchgrave and Moss have achieved the writer's dream: a can't-put-it-down, to-be-read-at-one-sitting novel. And because they have clarity of political vision, their novel is free of the pettifogging Le Carré-Graham Greene ambiguities: "we" are as bad as "they" or worse; or are we? *The Spike* sees today's issue, even in the nuclear age, as no more complicated than it was in the 1930s when the issue was fascism—but with this difference. Today's enemy of freedom is far more skillful than Hitler's Nazis ever were, as is to be seen in the quasi-moral power the USSR has created in the non-Communist world, an achievement of which Hitler was never capable.

The risk in discussing a political novel is that the reviewer tends to forget that he is reviewing a novel. There are not many stories as politically meaningful as *The Spike*. (William Buckley's yarn, *Who's on First*, is an excellent recent example of this genre.) The authors have a point of view which is as timely as the next de Borchgrave exclusive interview in *Newsweek* or as the next issue of Robert Moss's *Foreign Report*. But what is also important is that *The Spike* is well-written and the plot hangs together. The authors know the cold war started some sixty years ago and has never been called off by the Kremlin. It is astonishing how much tension and suspense that simple truth can create in a novel. □

The Real War
By Richard Nixon
Warner, 341 pp., $12.50

PHILIP SOBER

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Apparently the world is going to have Richard Nixon to kick around a while longer. The ex-President, having delivered himself of his *Memoirs* while still in residence at San Clemente, has bought a townhouse on East 65th Street in midtown Manhattan, considerably closer to his grandchildren, and come forth with yet another book. What's more, he has already declared his intention of writing a third: a collection of profiles of the great twentieth century figures he has known personally. Public life may have been unkind to Mr. Nixon, but its recollection in tranquillity is proving highly profitable.

In the volume at hand Mr. Nixon's subject is world affairs, which he personally has long considered his strong suit. The endpapers are maps of the eastern and western hemispheres, presumably to help us find our way around the globe he is discussing, and the chapters on Russia and China begin with learned descriptions of the strategic situation of each as far back as the nineteenth century or even earlier. There are, in fact, traces of other hands at work at various points in this volume, and Mr. Nixon in a concluding note specifies four individuals whose aid "was especially extensive": William R. Van Cleave, director of USC's Defense and Strategic Studies Program; former NATO ambassador Robert Ellsworth; former CIA deputy director Vernon Walters; and John Lehman, "formerly a senior member of my National Security Council staff."

But the basic theme of the book, as well as the authorship of its key pages, are unmistakably Mr. Nixon's, and his message is clear: "The central thesis of this book is that the West, today, has crossed the threshold of a period of acute crisis in which its survival into the twenty-first century is directly at stake." The challenger is the Soviet Union, and World War III has for all practical purposes long since begun.

Having proclaimed that conviction, Mr. Nixon takes us on a brisk tour of the battlefronts. He warns that "if the USSR continues to succeed in its penetration of Africa, it will have come a long way in its larger strategy of . . . cutting off the industrialized West from the resources without which it cannot survive. . . . We must not, out of a misplaced idealism, allow our policies toward southern Africa to become hostage to the parochial passions of African leaders who have no appreciation or concern for the issues at stake there between East and West." Similarly, "If Soviet client regimes come to power in Central America, the western hemisphere will have been cut in two at its 'slim waist.' From their position in Central America such regimes would threaten the two largest oil producers in Latin America, as well as the Panama Canal. We cannot afford to let this happen."

"The oil jugular" gets a whole chapter to itself, because "who controls what in the Persian Gulf and the Middle East is the key to who controls what in the world." That is why we must "successfully block the Soviet drive toward dominant influence in the area. . . . We may run risks in defending our interests in the Persian Gulf. We would run far greater risks if we failed to defend those interests."

Arnold Beichman *is the author of* Nine Lies about America. . . . **George Weller** *is a foreign correspondent, novelist, and playwright living in Rome. He is a winner of the Pulitzer Prize for journalism.*

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The Vietnamese experience is treated as a tragedy in which an acceptable peace, won on the battlefield, was thrown away as a result of popular (or at least congressional) unwillingness to compel Hanoi's adherence to the Paris Accords. There are also incisive chapters on the military and economic aspects of the global struggle. "If present trends continue," Mr. Nixon warns, "the Soviets will have strategic nuclear superiority by the mid-Eighties."

ALL THIS is bound to sound piercingly familiar to faithful readers of NATIONAL REVIEW. It is, in fact, exactly what this journal has been saying, in some cases almost in just so many words, for nearly a quarter of a century. The question that cries out for an answer is where Mr. Nixon was, and what he was doing, during those years.

The answer, I am afraid, is that for a number of them—including his entire Presidency—Richard Nixon was as much part of the problem as part of the solution. This off-and-on cold-warrior was also, let it be remembered, the Father of Detente, the author of SALT I, the President who ended the draft, who officially substituted nuclear equality with the Soviet Union for U.S. superiority, who initiated the key negotiations that later culminated in the Panama Canal treaties, and who (proclaiming "we're all Keynesians now") illustrated his attitude toward the strategic need for a healthy economy by imposing wage and price controls.

In the Spring issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn describes the phenomenon with icy precision:

"I would note here a tendency which might be called the 'Kissinger syndrome,' although it is by no means peculiar to him alone. Such individuals, while holding high office, pursue a policy of appeasement and capitulation, which sooner or later will cost the West many years and many lives, but immediately upon retirement the scales fall from their eyes and they begin to advocate firmness and resolution. How can this be? What causes the change? Enlightenment just doesn't come that suddenly! Might we not assume that they were well aware of the real state of affairs all along, but simply drifted with the political tide, clinging to their posts?"

We might indeed. Nonetheless, now that an appeal has been taken from Philip drunk to Philip sober, it is gratifying to note how totally, in Mr. Nixon's present opinion at least, American conservatives have won the argument.

In the long run, Mr. Nixon clearly believes, Western victory will depend upon Western willpower. Again and again he returns to that key point. "Military power and economic power are necessary, but they are useless without willpower." True; and even national willpower may not be enough, without leaders able and willing to act. □

The Spanish Revolution: The Left and the Struggle for Power during the Civil War
By Burnett Bolloten
University of North Carolina, 664 pp., $27

FROM SPAIN TO THE PERSIAN GULF

GEORGE WELLER

The duty of the historian is to free his history from cobwebs, sweeping away illusions spun by journalists, propagandists, and censors. Ironically, one of the most intense, scrupulous historians of our day is a little-known newspaperman and fugitive from many censors: Burnett Bolloten. No man's propagandist, Bolloten, a seventyish Welsh-born Californian, served as a United Press apprentice in Spain's civil war. He never recovered. Guiltily obsessed with the half-truths his inexperience and illusions, combined with Communist censorship, compelled him to commit, he was sucked down—or up?—into a lifetime of expiation.

His *Spanish Revolution*, whose 664 pages include 180 of notes, represents nearly a half-century of monomaniacal self-education, criticism, and spelunking. Bolloten covers not the familiar tragedy of Nationalists *versus* Republicans, nor battles, ambushes, and executions, but confines himself to the largely unknown struggle inside the Loyalist ranks among Socialists, Communists, anarcho-syndicalists, and their splinters, offshoots, and surrogates. On the highest of all the thrones sits a small pockmarked man with a pipe, forever sending Spain generals, police agents, diplomats, and flacks. And, for a brief time, planes and tanks as well.

International Marxism is still young enough to be manipulated wherever poor men need arms. As with any theology, early precedents provide tests and failures in a laboratory of guile and coercion where weapons are in shoulder holsters. Far more complete than most histories even of the Russian Revolution, Bolloten's *Spanish Revolution* is indispensable for insights into Marxist mayhem. It is a manual for anyone peering after probabilities in our own vaster struggle for the Persian Gulf. Today we confront a muddle of new Islamic nationalisms intertwined with six—yes, *six*—Communist networks: the paramount Russian party, the twins of occupied Afghanistan, Iraq's martyred underground, and the two legalized parties of Iran, their normal red now striped with Islamic green. Tudeh, the larger and older, has been secretly transformed into a family fief of the Khomeinis, directed by the Marxist Imam, his third son, and two grandsons, a dynasty not unlike that of the Saudis of Mecca. The *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* sees Iran as being at a stage where it is "not in the hands of an Islamic government, but a Communist apparatus totally invisible to the masses"—the same stage, substituting "nationalist" for "Islamic," at which Bolloten describes Spain in 1936.

THE LEAP from 1936 to 1980 is shorter than it seems. In Spain then, as today in the Gulf, Europe's Western democracies were wringing their hands and praying for someone else to replace Russia quickly, cheaply, with minimum coercion and safe sideline seats for themselves. Catalonians and Basques wanted their independence protected, like today's Gulf States, with someone else's navy and no bases.

Bolloten's enormous authority is reflected by an austerity of style, disciplined by the everlasting arrival of new facts. At first he hoarded notes, interviews, and clippings, becoming what newspapermen call a packrat. He swung around all the Republican fronts, but turned his back on Madrid, the hottest dateline, for the newborn anarchist state of Catalonia. Here a "libertarian Communist" revolution had taken over,

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instantly denounced by the Soviets as a Trotskyist plot. Actually it was run by anti-clerical anarchists, along with other parties, so innocently permissive that they tolerated a Stalinist opposition, a fatal mistake. Moscow called them "the uncontrollables."

In less than a week after Franco got his Moorish troops airlifted by the Germans across from Africa, in July 1936, the second revolution was completed. Helped by Franco's diversion, the energetic, industrialized Catalans aimed their red ball into the open pocket of the Spanish pool table, diagonally most inaccessible to Franco, who had landed in Malaga. They seized local factories, redistributed large estates (including lands of the Church) to landless farmers, and ruled largely by dozens of local committees. They called central authority "Bolshevist." Even though denied arms by an angry Stalin, they put a formidable militia in the field, directed by their unions.

By shaking off Madrid's authority (they already abstained in elections), they snatched the long-brewing revolution away from Franco's Nationalists and Madrid's Socialists and Communists. Using largely Catalan sources, Bolloten describes Stalin's effort to recover Catalonia from Madrid's Communists by simply assassinating the anarchist leaders. Why did he do it? To prevent the "libertarian Communists" from operating a state which was certainly against Franco but might turn out to be Trotsky's realm.

So Spain had three revolutions working at once, not counting those other feisty industrialists, the Basques. Of the three, only Catalonia had forfeited foreign aid. But who cared? Franco's legions ignored Catalonia, too busy fighting their way north to the Atlantic and his Galician birthplace. Barcelona, as against threatened Madrid, was a "second city," Chicago rather than New York. The Spanish war between the Marxisms became politically an intercity affair and a war between natives and immigrants, like the battle within the American Communist Party between Chicago's IWW Socialists and New York's Russian immigrants, similarly dominated by Stalin.

Why was Catalonia's spontaneous, popular, and multi-party revolution so ignored by the world? Partly because of the moribund word "anarchist." Even if they called themselves "libertarian Communists" the Catalonians sounded freakish, disorganized, quirky, and decentralized—and they were. They hated dictators and they had no caudillo. The seat of their future boss was open, just the place for Trotsky, the great improviser—or so it seemed to Stalin. The world stage was already crowded by Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin. To think about Catalonia was just too much. Malraux and Hemingway, the great simplifiers, were interested in the International Brigade. Only Orwell, and Bolloten, saw through the fog.

To make sure Catalonia was tuned out of world attention, as Stalin required, the Comintern cut off the news at Madrid. Liston Oak, the press chief, imposed a ban on so-called "economic news" (meaning the "libertarian Communists"). Though the Communist Party led by Stalinists occupied only 4 per cent of the parliamentary seats, they were able, with consent of the mesmerized correspondents, to control all cables for three years. The censor was the irresistibly charming aristocrat Constancia de la Mora, a Communist recruit. So captivated by her were Herbert Matthews of the *Times*, Louis Fischer of *The Nation* ("the first recruit in the International Brigade"), and Hemingway, that when the anti-Russian Prime Minister Francisco Largo Caballero fired her, these correspondents, plus the Russians and several British Communists, forced him to put her back. A UP correspondent (not Bolloten) wrote the petition that helped wipe Catalonia from history, making Stalinist Madrid unchallenged.

RANDOM NOTES

■ More August Titles: John Simon's *Paradigms Lost: Reflections on Literacy and Its Decline* (Clarkson N. Potter/Crown, $12.95) is, quite simply, a collection of superb essays. "There do indeed exist two cultures in our society," he writes in one of them, "but they do not face each other, as C. P. Snow argued, across a demarcation line called the Second Law of Thermodynamics. The issue is not, I think, whether a person's knowledge pertains to the sciences or humanities, but whether a person has language or not. Wherever people foregather, one hears two kinds of talk: that which, by and large, can be called English; and that which is essentially gibberish." . . . Daniel Patrick Moynihan's latest book, *Counting Our Blessings: Reflections on the Future of America* (Atlantic/Little, Brown, $12.95), includes a number of his pieces on foreign and domestic affairs.

Truman Capote, who has not appeared between boards for seven years, has finally produced a book of essays and stories called *Music for Chameleons* (Random House, $10.95). . . . *Moscow to the End of the Line: A Novel* (Taplinger, $8.95), by Venedict Erofeev and translated by H. W. Tjalsma, is a *samizdat* novel about a drunk on a train who never arrives at his destination. Well worth a look. . . . Paul Theroux's new book is *World's End and Other Stories* (Houghton Mifflin, $9.95), containing 15 rather diverse tales.

The author of *Against the Gates of Hell: The Threat to Religious Freedom in America* (Everest House, $12), one Stanley R. Rader, is treasurer of the Worldwide Church of God, a California-based Church recently ordered into receivership by the U.S. Supreme Court. . . . Merle Miller follows up on his success with *Plain Speaking* with *Lyndon: An Oral Biography* (Putnam, $17.95).

Hitler's Mein Kampf in Britain and America: A Publishing History 1930-39 (Cambridge, $18.95) looks to be a fascinating volume. Houghton Mifflin, holder of the U.S. rights to the book, had, by 1972, paid more than $92,000 in author's royalties to the U.S. Government. —CW

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By an extraordinary freak of timing, Franco's Nationalist revolution in the south and the anarchist takeover in Catalonia coincided in grisly perfection with Stalin's first vast purge of Old Bolsheviks and rivals, plus their military counterparts. He used Spain as a dumping place for suspected Trotskyists, giving them a chance to work off this deadly stigma by making Socialist Spain a place where not even Spanish Trotskyists dared remain.

To keep Trotsky himself out of Spain was an important separate operation. Trotsky enjoyed high standing in Spain and was a sort of hero to all European Socialists. In fact, the dominant Socialist party in Norway had heartily provided him refuge. How could he be kept out of Spain, so perfect for his comeback?

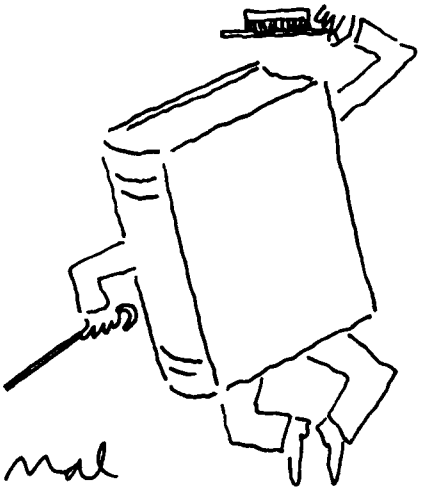
STALIN, by charging Trotsky with clandestine revolutionary action (which was true), was able to split the Norwegian Socialists. Stalin then turned up a little-known pro-Soviet undersecretary of foreign affairs named Trygve Lie to push Trotsky out of Europe. Lie obliged Stalin by arranging secretly for a government-hired freighter to ship Trotsky not to Socialist Spain but to Socialist Mexico. By this accommodation Lie won Stalin's support and became the "neutral" first secretary of the United Nations, opening its doors to Soviet espionage as he had closed Norway to Trotsky.

A few weeks after Catalonia was born Stalin started his purges by executing Kamenev, Trotsky's brother-in-law, and Zinoviev, ex-director of the Third International, who hated Trotsky. Stalin's next problems were to find another Trygve Lie in Spain—where he had several candidates lined up—and to undo the "libertarian Communists" in Catalonia. His especial concern was a founder of the Spanish Communist Party named Andres Nin. Nin had ten years in Moscow, five as a Trotskyist. Trotsky had attacked him, but Trotsky's feuds could be patched up, as was his quarrel with Lenin.

The trick Stalin undertook was to convince the Madrid Communists that the Catalonian anarchists were potential allies and present spies for Franco. Stalin wanted the NKVD, protected by a large force of new Communist-led "Assault Police," to infiltrate Barcelona and wipe them out, Nin included. The operation was carried out by a mixed team of Third International and NKVD gorillas. They were headed by the Italian Communist Togliatti, a New York-trained killer he brought along named Vidali, the Hungarian Stalinist Gero (who spoke perfect Catalan), and the NKVD chief Aleksandr Orlov. Orlov's timely defection to the U.S., and testimony about carrying Spain's gold to Stalin, stilled all questions about his role in the purge. The "libertarian Communists" underwent trials, along with secret torture, for "treason with Franco," but their families escaped, Spain not yet being Russia. Nin and the others refused to save their lives by testifying in the Moscow trials against so-called Trotskyists. So they were shot in Spain.

Spain's downfall was no disaster for Stalin. The International Brigade departed before the collapse, like the Americans in Vietnam. Stalin kept the support of liberals intact until the prospect of dividing Poland and the Baltic with Hitler induced him to link arms with the Nazis. The team of killers in Catalonia tied up their package with Russian ribbons. They sent home to be shot several Soviet generals, the ambassador Rosenberg, and (most pathetically) the consul general in Catalonia, Antonov-Ovseyenko, hero of the storming of the Winter Palace in 1917, an abjectly contrite and frightened ex-Trotskyist.

Bolloten has spent a lifetime being hailed by professional historians but avoided by publishers. University or commercial, the publishing world remains fettered to the idea that Stalin "gave" arms to Spain when actually he sold $100 million worth of aid for $550 million. When Bolloten brought out in 1961 his first appraisal of Stalin's altruism—*The Grand Camouflage* (Praeger), with an introduction by the British historian H. Trevor-Roper—the *New York Times*, strongly under the influence of Herbert Matthews, refused to review it. When Bolloten's obsession with completeness forced him to spend 18 more years fitting the heap of information into a new mosaic, and he got the University of North Carolina to bring it out, the *Times* was sent four copies but stuck by its old refusal, though praising the new work in correspondence. The late Bertram Wolfe, Stanford's ex-Communist scholar, declared, "No one after him will ever consult so many sources, witness so much at first hand, and try to replace it." Wisconsin's Stanley G. Payne hails "its originality, scholarly quality . . . remarkably objective, even-handed and judicious . . . ranks altogether at the head of the field."



IF SUCH professional praise makes Bolloten sound too scholarly to be readable, I have scanted the special humanity and even gallows humor of the struggle. The only weapons were pistols in a cellar, and the machinery of torture. But the Soviet apparatus was literally fighting for its life—against their master. If they failed to wipe out "Trotskyism" in Catalonia, where it did not exist, they were sure to die on arrival in Moscow or be assassinated as Trotsky later was in Mexico.

The humor appears when secret Socialist renegades like Santiago Carrillo (now secretary of the "Eurocommunist" party in Spain) attempted to cook other Socialists into Communists like themselves. These converts were not to be taken out of the oven until ready to be eaten, lest news of the conversions at cabinet level frighten off the Western democracies, for whose support Stalin was still angling. This same problem of emerging from the closet of Socialism with an early Communist Party card still troubles Khomeini's Tudeh, even though the latter supports everything Islamic.

The drama in Spain climaxed for Bolloten when he watched the leading Communist demagogue, the minister of education Jesús Hernández, denounce publicly in Valencia the anti-Commu-

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ıist labor leader and premier Francisco ⊿argo Caballero. To Hernández also fell he honor of visiting the suave minister ›f finance Juan Negrín, a sensual profes-.or of physiology, to inform him that he Communists wanted him to succeed Caballero. "But I am not a Communist," ›outed Negrín. Hernández (according o his memoirs) soothed him: "If you were a Communist we would not pro-›ose you. We need a person who is a riend of the Communists, nothing more. And nothing less." In that way Negrín ›ecame the Spanish Trygve Lie.

Bolloten has now attained anony-nous confirmation in the official *His-'ory of the Communist International* Progress Editions, 1974, Moscow). This /olume reveals (page 426) that these :onversions were timed in Spain—as hey now are in Afghanistan and Iran—'as a matter of getting ready for launch-ng a unified proletarian party. The Communist International closely mon-tored the proceedings. It was a prob-em of convincing Socialists, all primed :o cross over into the Communist Par-.y, that it would be more useful if they remained as they were. Their job was to push unification first on the program of the two parties, and prepare for fusion later."

Stealthy conversion to a new party requires the full skill of Karmal in Af-ghanistan and the Imam in Iran. Bol-loten has provided the West not only a manual, but binoculars and a stetho-scope. □

Reach to Eternity
By Dobrica Ćosić
Harcourt Brace, 410 pp., $14.95

MISTER LOUSE

D. KEITH MANO

Serbia had all the real geography of a thought: a misguided thought to boot. In concept Pan-Slavism was catchy: in practice it would've been simpler to make both sides of a scale go up at once. Catholic Croat persecuted Ortho-dox Serb; Bosnian and Slovene and Macedonian were so alike that they could easily project their self-loathing onto each other. Common language was a genuine plus: it made libel more convenient. When not competing hard at intramural events of war, Serbia had been defeated by more people than the last man in a Boston Marathon. Russia, England, Prussia, Austria all found their realpolitikal reason to keep the Balkans Balkanized. For this effort they got Sarajevo: a result which left Europe looking like South Herzegovina from 1914 on.

It'd be less onerous to write a bio of the First Roach, his heirs and assigns, than a history of Serbia. Dobrica Ćosić, nonetheless, is doing just that: in this and six or seven other novels. *Reach to Eternity* commences with a Serbian tri-umph over Austria at Suvobar in 1915: a victory so uncharacteristic and shock-ing that you wonder Serbia didn't sue for peace out of sheer habit. As it was, they captured death. The Austrian gen-eral staff may have been lousy, but their troops were lousier yet: typhus lousy. Plague left Serbia, more or less, to a government of insects. (Not much dif-ferent, it must be said, from the usual Balkan kakistocracy.) Ćosić can quar-termaster diverse material; he commits all Serbia to a single febrile, repulsive, and overcrowded field hospital. This synecdoche works: and has symbolic voltage. To paraphrase Hamlet, Serbia was a pesthouse. Even the outpatients were in.

Narrative has been hyphenated: like Schleswig-Holstein or Native-American. Two men from a sick call of thousands will divvy the book up: and, between them, diagnose Serbia. In Part I we are snubbed by Gavrilo Stanković: war-rior, elitist, and over-scrupulous revolu-tionary. Gavrilo could be of great value to Serbia: first, though, he must have a gangrene-cheesy leg cut off. There are certain things, however, that true gen-tlemen won't do: Gavrilo just can't hop to it: and blows his fastidious brain out instead. Enter Dr. Mihajlo Radić: inse-cure, pragmatic, wholesome. He will re-organize the hospital and maybe save two or three lives. Then, bitten by his own enthusiasm and one louse, he will die as well. But from Gavrilo to Mihaj-lo, Serbia has made an accommoda-tion: from Mayerling romance to near-modern consciousness. Rumors of what you might call the twentieth century person have been heard. Serbia can pull off no more battlefield upsets: never-theless, war of a more intimate, internal sort has been declared. Pan-Self must precede Pan-Slav.

Ćosić (who did partisan work during WWII and was a delegate to the Ser-bian Communist Central Committee) is no spring-loaded jingoist. His people are marvelously distasteful. Serbs, in 1915 at least, had the self-image of the Love Canal. A Serb might haul off on Austria with admirable courage: gener-ally, though, if you yawned in Belgrade you had to count your fillings after-ward. With an exception or three the cast of *Reach* is cantankerous, sly, dumb, cynical, dishonest, bitter, indo-lent, feckless, and very unclean. For Ćosić the operative image will be Mr. Louse. After all, typhus and its ad-vance-man bore a spitting resemblance to life in Serbia: sneaky, vulgar, un-pleasant. However, to perceive *pedicu-lus humanus* as carrier is to accept a scientific bias: is, worse yet, to feel you should do something practical about it. I quote the Anonymous Sick Man, who will keep up his chapter-end monologue throughout: "A land where lice and dirt reign supreme always has false and cor-rupt rulers, because such rulers outdo their subjects in cunning and baseness, and please the prevailing nature of the majority."

Style in *Reach* is effective but stop-clock functional. Here I advance a land-mark judgment, a real throat-clearer, hahr-um: to wit, that Russian and East European realistic fiction, in general, is much less concerned with metaphor or exotic trope than even your side-dish American novel. We lend divorce and infidelity the significance of Stalingrad: and that overwrought excitement is of-ten syntactical. Solzhenitsyn's Gulag or Ćosić's typhus beggar simile. You may hate Tom like the plague; but you can't hate the plague like Tom. As a Western observer will say of Serbia: "I'm afraid that . . . suffering may destroy your ca-pacity for wonder." True. The mind, self-protective, must be careful with Ćosić, if it hopes someday to deal with, oh, a dead pet poodle in New York.

Pour Scotch, comb your hair, sleep: in some way everything you do has been influenced by Serbia: a semi-nation that reground the lens of all Western cul-ture. *Reach* is remedial fiction. Besides: Serb, Slovene, Croat, louse, poverty, civil war, self-hate—by tacit projection Ćosić will give you a new, if grum-bling, respect for Josip Broz Tito. □

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TELEVISION

ACUTE PHILOPHILIA

JOSEPH SOBRAN

The nation is in the grip of rampant Philophilia—the unnatural love of Phil Donahue. Liking him is one thing; how can you not like Irish charm, even after filtered through a generation or two of Americans? But *loving* him: waiting months for tickets to his show, shrieking at his entrance, hanging on his words: that's something else again.

Phil's thing is a quality you see especially in talk-show hosts. They call it honesty; I'd call it earnesty. Earnesty is when they're dealing with a heavy subject, usually sexual, and they lean closer to the guest and furrow their brows and lower their voice to an oleaginous stage whisper and ask the Big (*this is it*) Question: "Do you *really think*, Dr. Weltanschauung, that *this society*, with all its *taboos* and *hangups*, is *ready* to accept transvestites as *human beings*, just like the *rest* of us?"

Phil is deeply into earnesty, and can relate to nearly anyone at a very heavy level. Imagine Ted Baxter with a social conscience, and you've got the idea: a lot of trendy talk-topics, a lot of words like voting and caring and supportive and concern, all emitted from the depths of a consuming vanity that is almost unconscious and therefore innocent. Phil's constituency is forty million housewives plus Ashley Montagu (who calls him "a public service, the best thing U.S. television has ever had. My wife and I watch him every day because we learn from him"). He flatters their intelligence, but puts them down bluntly when, during the studio-audience question period, they try, shyly, to take untrendy positions ("Do you think, just because you disapprove of what they do, homosexuals should be denied their *rights*?").

The technique, a mixture of romper-room condescension and abrupt sarcasm, reminds me of a professor I had in the Sixties, who never tired of cooing that we were the brightest generation in history. Things went smoothly as long as we agreed with him: all smiles and nods. But lo the poor fool who uttered a reactionary thought: suddenly the hapless student was made to feel like a piece of detritus left over from one of the less-bright generations. The professor's head froze in mid-nod, he glared silently, then (if he thought meet) delivered a cutting remark. The incidence of reactionary utterances fell off considerably over the semester.

Which was my way of discovering that the widely advertised intellectual training is only half the story of a modern college education. The other part is a subtle initiation into a set of transdisciplinary liberal attitudes, effectively enforced by little more than the tacit threat of minor public humiliations. For most people, that's enough.

PHIL DONAHUE isn't a liberal professor; in fact he went to Notre Dame back when it seems to have been a stronghold of orthodoxy; and there, as he tells us in his autobiography, *Donahue*, he was a dutifully conventional Catholic. But during the Sixties he got irreligion: the Church had failed on the big social issues of racism and sexism, and he began to think for himself. "Now," he recalls, "my mind was racing." Evidently it raced very fast, for his thoughts are still a blur. He asks, with the triumphant air of Perry Mason trapping the perjured witness, why babies, who don't ask to be born, are stained with original sin; how an all-loving God could allow His Son to die on a cross; whether Martians would need salvation; and other stumpers. Take *that*, Aquinas.

Clearly, a man in his mid-forties who would settle for this facile schoolboy stuff *wants* to settle for it. At about the time his intellect attained its present splendor he was making a lot of money and not getting along with his first wife but do you think leaving Catholicism was the easy way out for him? Guess again: "I thought . . . about the void and how much harder it is to rebel than to just 'go along.'" We have his word for it.

Vanity apart—he remains our foremost Philophiliac—his ruling passion is anti-Catholicism. He accuses the Church of being "destructive," of "retarding growth, inhibiting my ability to reach out." (Phil is big on growth, and quotes an assistant's confession that "working with Phil Donahue has been one of the most growthful experiences in my life"). He can hardly go three pages without a sneer at his erstwhile religion.

Now why is this called "leaving the Church"? We don't say a boy has left home if he goes only as far as the front lawn, and there turns around to throw curses at his parents. The point of leaving is to leave something behind, to go elsewhere. Donahue has to keep proving he isn't an altar boy any more, as by televising an abortion.

By way of establishing his moral and intellectual credentials, he attacks racism, sexism, the military-industrial complex, business corruption, and (what guts) Richard Nixon. Every liberal cliché comes with the air of an annunciation:

► "We should not use crippled children to sell hamburgers. Ever."

► "Today's mother is caught in the most dramatic shift in mores that has befallen any women in history."

► "In short, Americans don't like the news, and like the angry impatient king, they are beheading the messenger."

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He doesn't see that his present vociferations are as tamely conventional within the media as his old formal piety was at Notre Dame. He's still playing it safe: a moral chameleon. And even when confessing his sexist insensitivities he's flaunting his new awareness of them. All self-censure, said Dr. Johnson, is oblique self-praise: it shows how much you can spare.) But he has the fundamental insensitivity of the egotist: he can talk only about himself, and all the people in his life are mere wraiths to him. No reader of his book could accurately describe any of them.

Meanwhile he continues in his mission of doing for the housewives what my old professor did for us, the brightest generation in history: by example and ridicule, teaching them to subdue their common sense in favor of mass-media liberal proprieties of perception, concern, speech, and behavior. Helping, in his little way, to make God taboo, with heaps of altar-boy earnesty. □

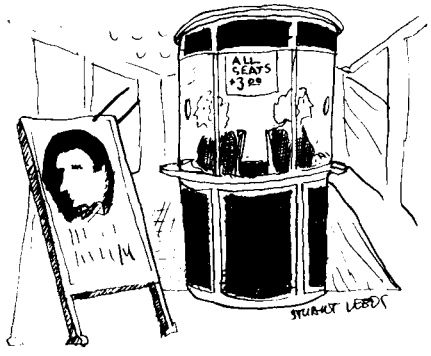
FILM

MORAL DISARMAMENT

JOHN SIMON

It's a scruffy lot of movies that is being offered us as summer entertainment. Some of them sounded so unappealing even on paper that I could not bring myself to accost them; those that I sampled were disheartening enough (with the possible exception of *Fame*, about which later). Rather than discuss the artistry or aesthetics of *The Outsider*, *Carny*, and *Rough Cut* (of which, in any case, there is precious little), I must address myself to their creeping amorality, too flabby to achieve even the stature of immorality.

Consider the sorry best of the lot: *The Outsider*, written and directed by Tony Luraschi from a novel by Colin Leinster about the troubles in Northern Ireland. The film, made on location, is about Michael Flaherty, a young Irish-American from Detroit, whose stark grandfather (Sterling Hayden—icon rather than actor) has brought him up on tales of his own heroism in fighting the Black and Tans. So, after Vietnam,



Michael joins the IRA and is eventually moved to Belfast, where he becomes a pawn for both the Irish Catholics and the British: each side wants him dead by any means, so as to be able to pin the death of an American on the other, and exploit the political benefits accruing therefrom. While spoiling for action, Michael has a passionate affair with an embittered young woman, Siobhan (Patricia Quinn, in a decent but uncharismatic performance), that seems to jump directly from angry political squabbling into bed—a love affair whose every detail is so perfunctory and incredible as to cast doubt on the other, seemingly authentic, aspects of the film.

By a far-fetched stroke of luck, Michael not only survives the IRA's assassination attempt but also is smuggled out of Belfast with utmost ease by Siobhan. Back in Detroit, he finds his beloved grandfather on his deathbed, and hears his confession that, in those glorious Dublin days, he was not a hero but a traitor. Whereupon Michael ostensibly goes to pieces in outbursts of uncontrollable violence. This epilogue is morally offensive, for it implies that the ghastly goings-on in Belfast (including murder of women and children, torture of prisoners, etc.) are really excusable because bravery is involved, though actually almost everybody displays a bad case of Sartrean *mains sales* —political taint. Not even the IRA attempt on his own life—only the private disappointment in his adored grandfather—matters to Michael; and his only reaction is to go berserk.

Despite the sobriety (albeit verging on flatness) of the direction, despite the wonderfully seedy and moody cinematography of Ricardo Aronovich, despite fine performances by Niall Toibin, T. P. McKenna, and a slew of accomplished Irish actors, the fact that the betrayal of Michael's childish trust should loom larger than all the other dreadful circumstances that hatch, foster, and perpetuate the civil war seems to me highly irresponsible and damaging to the film's dignity. The only other possible interpretation would be that Michael is, precisely, a fool, and that everyone involved is, to a greater or lesser degree, a hypocrite; but this, clearly, is not Luraschi's intention and, if it were, would require genius to make us swallow it despite its unpalatableness. What further unbalances the movie is the Michael of Craig Wasson, a boringly Methody actor; why would Siobhan prefer this callow, twitchy youth to the other men around her?

Now for *Carny*, the first feature film by Robert Kaylor (whose *Derby* was an interesting quasi-documentary about professional roller-skating), which purports to be an unblinking look at life in a traveling carnival. Compare it, however, to Bergman's *The Naked Night*, or even to Tod Browning's *Freaks*, and you'll see immediately just how unblinking it is.

Frankie and Patch (Gary Busey—good; Robbie Robertson—not so good) run this carnival; they are buddies in that disturbing American fictional convention analyzed by Leslie Fiedler. The two men share a trailer, tease each other like lovers, and pick up girls in pairs to have sex *à quatre*; yet the homosexual implications are not even fleetingly contemplated in this screenplay by Thomas Baum from a story by Kaylor and his wife. A bored 16-year-old waitress, Donna (Jodie Foster, and less compelling than usual), becomes Frankie's girl and joins the carnival; Patch is jealous and opposes her coming along, but must acquiesce.

There was a real opportunity here for pursuing character in action. Frankie is the carnival's Bozo, a malevolently made-up clown who squats in a cage above a tank of water and hurls insults at the passers-by, who are provoked to purchase three balls to throw at a target; if they hit it, the Bozo is dunked in the tank. In mufti, Frankie is all laid-back amiability and easy-going expansiveness; as the Bozo, his cynical, needling taunts know no limit. Who is this Jekyll-and-Hyde, and how does his dual personality affect his relationships? Donna, though she seems to have been through the sexual mill by 16, is a nice

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girl: when she becomes a supporting dancer in the carnival's strip show and Patch tries to maneuver her into having to strip, she balks. Yet transferred to a booth where she suckers customers into a rigged game, she has no problem with being an accomplished con man (do the feminists want "con woman," or will they let the men keep that one?). Though she seems to be in love with Frankie, she allows herself to be seduced by Patch. Why? As for Patch, the cool head of the carnival operation who poses as an ordinary customer winning all kinds of prizes and thus lures the yokels into loosing their purses and losing their money, what lurks under all his cool? Love for Frankie? From any of the troubling, interesting complexities, the film backs away into tawdry melodrama.

And, of course, it carries its dishonesty over into that genre. A local Southern politico shakes down the carnival; his vile sidekick wants to have a night of sadistic sex with Donna. The men are trapped by Frankie and Patch, who submit them to a grueling experience—yet even this punishment is more fake than real—whereupon the bestial fellows obligingly disappear. Nowhere does *Carny* draw the obvious conclusion that the carnival people's corruption differs from that of the establishment villains only in degree, not in quality.

As for the anti-romantic triangle, Frankie calmly accepts Donna's involvement with Patch; later the men have it out, ostensibly over something else. In their fight scene, the film forfeits the last chance to probe under the surface. It settles instead, as so often previously, for what is obviously actors' improvisation—always a dangerous device, and here downright fatal. Thus the film suffers from both the amorality of its outlook and its failure to look inside. Donna proves her showbiz mettle—and accomplishes her rites of passage—by fitting in with the carnival; how the budding *ménage à trois* will evolve, remains, like everything else, unexamined.

WORSE THAN either of these films, however, is *Rough Cut*, from which one screenwriter (Larry Gelbart) had his name removed, and the director (Don Siegel), who himself inherited the project, for a while tried vainly to do likewise. In this supposedly charming, sophisticated caper movie—whose wit is so heavy-handed as to kill the sophistication right off the bat—the three main characters are all thoroughly contemptible. Burt Reynolds (himself a diamond rather too much in the rough) plays the world's smoothest and most successful jewel thief, his fascination lying in equal parts in his richness and in his thievery. His love interest, Lesley-Anne Down (so phlegmatic as to seem frigid) is an aristocratic kleptomaniac blackmailed into functioning as a decoy for David Niven, Chief Inspector of Scotland Yard, who proves to be the biggest crook of the trio.

To less favored women, Reynolds is a perfect cad; when her skin is at stake, Miss Down will betray her lover; Niven would rather lose his wife than his boodle. But all ends happily for our criminal heroes: in ill-gotten wealth and bliss—assuming that these two are separate entities. Throughout *Rough Cut*, happiness is conspicuous ostentation in houses, furniture, cars, jewelry, clothes, and bedmates. Even the limp wit emerges as an accessory to wealth, as the product of idle luxury and condescension: second-rate wisecracks dribble from the characters' jaded mouths like not quite blue diamonds suitable only for discarding. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE WEATHER IN AFRICA, *by Martha Gelhorn (Dodd, Mead, 236 pp., $7.95).* Martha Gelhorn has chosen *The Weather in Africa* as the title for her latest book, but it is the people, not the weather, that count in these three long stories tied together by their African setting. Miss Gelhorn's people are Europeans, mostly English, who have taken wilderness and tamed it with formal gardens, bridge luncheons, and afternoon teas. (They *will* have their club for civilized drinking, even if it is made of concrete blocks with a corrugated tin roof.) Here people don't go in for heroics: the Mau Mau rebellion in Kenya is seen more as an inconvenience than as a threat. Interest in their neighbors is keen although the nearest neighbor may be over thirty miles away, and a bit of gossip is something to relish, chew, and finally pronounce judgment on. And then, behind the civilized Europeans carrying on business as usual despite rebellion and drought—as a backdrop if you will—is the herd of elephants lumbering through the jungle; the ostriches "running like mad dowagers"; the giraffe spotted at a distance; the black Watu herdsman astonished because bwana insists on working during the monsoon. "On the Mountain" has as its setting a hotel located on the side of Mount Kilimanjaro where the two Jenkins girls (in reality no longer girls at all but women of thirty and 32) return home without husbands or prospects, to the delight of their parents and the barely concealed scorn of their neighbors. Henry McIntyre, a neighbor, accurately sums up the local attitude: "Those poor gormless girls have made proper balls of it." Jane, the haughty, petted beauty of the family, becomes sexually involved with a young black civil servant, while Mary Ann, a virgin of thirty, falls in love with a married botanist and, in her innocence, becomes pregnant. To young, war-scarred Ian Paynter in "In the Highlands," the restoration of a dilapidated Kenya farm brings peace and healing until he makes the mistake of marrying a woman who

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sees the achievement of getting a husband as an end in itself. Ian finds unexpected joy as the adoptive father of a child of mixed parentage. In "By the Sea," a lonely woman comes to an Indian Ocean beach resort in the hope that the exotic setting will ease the misery that envelops her and seals her away from contact with the world; but the holiday takes a tragic turn when a black child darts in front of her car. I like *The Weather in Africa*. I like Miss Gellhorn's spare, crisp style, which can say volumes about human nature in a deceptively simple scene. NORMA B. HAWES

PRESIDENTIAL COURAGE, *by John B. Moses and Wilbur Cross (Norton, 149 pp., $11.95).* What U.S. President had a cancerous jaw removed in secret aboard a yacht and yet was able to speak so clearly when he addressed Congress six weeks later that the secret was kept for twenty years? What President carried a white damask table napkin with him to formal White House dinners to throw over his wife's head when she suffered an epileptic fit? (When her moans and twitchings had abated, he would remove it and the dinner would continue.) What President was probably spared the ravages of a rare disease that would shortly have killed him—by an assassin's bullet that killed him first? What President would have flunked *any* modern life-insurance examination? Who was the first President to die in office? Answers: Garfield, McKinley, Lincoln, Jackson, William Henry Harrison. *Presidential Courage*, by Dr. John B. Moses, a practicing physician, and Wilbur Cross, shows how the illnesses of our Presidents and their wives have affected history. By and large, our Presidents have been a sickly lot and by and large, until very recently, ill served by their doctors. We all now know that FDR was suffering from hardening of the arteries in the brain at Yalta, and we know what that has meant to the people of Eastern Europe. We know that Woodrow Wilson spent the last 18 months of his Presidency a pathetic cripple whose condition was concealed from the nation by his wife, his physician, and his personal aides. But not until this fascinating book came along have we been given a glimpse of the physical tortures many of our Presidents endured and how courageously they confronted their maladies. Dr. Moses is not unsympathetic to the suggestion that before a man be certified as a candidate for the Presidency, he be required to undergo stiff mental and physical tests. But he does point out that if that course had been followed from the start "it would have classified many of our most eminent Presidents unfit to run"—starting with George Washington.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

THE PROBLEM of world hunger is no longer the fad concern it was a few years back, but if anyone is still interested in solving it, appropriate remedies exist.

The nature of these remedies is expounded in a remarkable new study called *Wealth of Nations in Crisis* (Bayland Publishing, P.O. Box 25386, Houston, Tex.; $12.95)—a superb discussion of agricultural (and other) productivity, resource depletion, population growth, the uses of technology, and a great deal else. The author, Ronald C. Nairn, is an authentic expert, having served as an agricultural consultant to several "Third World" nations, and an excellent writer in the bargain.

Nairn begins by telling us what does *not* cause world hunger—an exercise that undercuts most fashionable theories on the subject. Among the things that are not responsible, he argues, are racial or ethnic traits, natural shortage of resources, too much population, and exploitation by old-fashioned colonialists or new-fangled multinationals. What causes hunger is a failure to produce and what can remedy hunger is production.

This may sound simple, but isn't—since it involves dismantling a host of politically created barriers to proper husbandry, motivating peasants to improve agricultural methods, making provision for rural credit, and adapting modern techniques to local circumstances. The key ingredients, Nairn concludes, are incentives to produce (and market), and freedom to pursue them.

Where such conditions exist, agricultural productivity skyrockets—the United States, Japan, Taiwan, and the Netherlands providing the premier examples. The Soviet Union, Communist China, India, and most of Africa provide unhappy instances of the contrary. Japan, among the most densely populated nations in the world, shows that population pressure is not the issue. Zaire and Angola, where population densities are low and resources great, show that production is. If agricultural yields prevailing in Taiwan could be reached in Africa and Latin America, the phrase "world hunger" would never be heard again.

It would be an injustice to this book to suggest it is merely about technical aspects of farming, as important as these are. Nairn tells us about life, the relationship between man and nature, the way human beings are motivated, and the endless difficulties created for them by irrational government policies. His discussions of the population question (people are a resource, not a nuisance) and the environmental movement (an animist religion) are brilliantly on target, as is his central thesis.

PRODUCTIVITY IS also the theme of *Inflation and Unemployment* (Devin-Adair, Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870; $8.95), the proceedings of a symposium sponsored by the Committee on Monetary Research and Education, featuring a dozen free-market economists, journalists, and political spokesmen addressing the causes of our recent binge of simultaneous inflation and recession. The distinguished contributors include G. Carl Wiegand, John B. Parrish, Hans Sennholz, Henry Hazlitt, Reed Larson, John Q. Jennings, John Chamberlain, John Davenport, Patrick Boarman, Representative Steven Symms, Donald L. Kemmerer, and Augustin Navarro.

What these authorities tell us is that we have so encumbered our economy with taxes, subsidies, controls, and restrictive labor practices that our levels of productivity increase are plummeting toward zero, while the federal deficits that have been used to pay the bills for all the spending have fueled our chronic, ruinous inflation. The authors provide a wealth of facts and figures, and much incisive argument, to show that both distresses are creations of big government. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Carter-Kennedy

On The Right

Ponta Delgada, São Miguel, June 23—A fortnight's absence from the political scene in America may (or may not, as the stock analysts would say, protectively) diminish the refractive distortion, but here goes . . .

It is a lousy idea for a partisan of one political position to give advice to the managers of the contending political position, but a sporting magnanimity occasionally prevails, and I'm here to say that Carter should schedule Teddy for VP.

Now this is concededly complicated as a maneuver, but not more complicated than, say, the Inchon landing or the Entebbe raid. Here, to begin with, is the underlying analysis:

Senator Kennedy's continued resistance to the renomination of President Carter has got to be understood as something that goes beyond mere personal vanity. Let the skeptics who cavil over the point concede at least this much, namely that Kennedy's constituency (roughly, the obstinate-Left) are motivated by the assumption that their hero Mr. Kennedy doesn't desire the Presidency merely because the Presidency carries with it a number of perks. Rather, the Presidency beckons because Kennedy knows that the benevolent vision of the future is one that draws us toward free medicine, and free freedom, i.e., a freedom undisturbed by Soviet military exertions. Accordingly, they view the perseverance of Senator Kennedy as idealistically motivated.

Now: When President Carter is renominated, as things now stand Senator Kennedy has three choices, the first being full-throated enthusiasm, the second institutional enthusiasm, the third implicit (or even explicit) dissent. Kennedy cannot bring his full constituency along with him if he takes the first or the second route. He would be suspected of opportunistic betrayal or, just short of that, of putting party above platform.

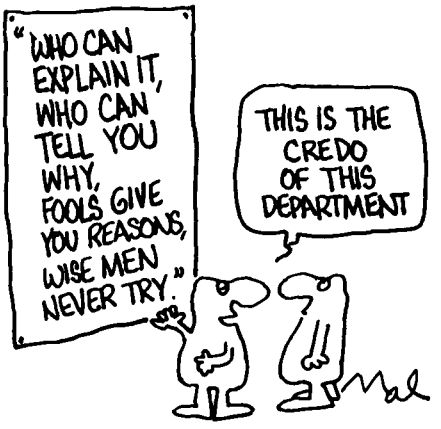
This would not be so if Kennedy were to accept the vice presidential post, the implicit reasoning being that he was now in a position to exert influence on the President; and that—perhaps more important—he had by that gesture acquired a primogenital right to succeed President Carter: whether Carter won, or lost. Kennedy's followers, in short, would understand that a compromise of the proposed kind could reasonably be made by someone who pursued his principles with a kind of Leninist fidelity.

Meanwhile, to be sure, President Carter would have problems. He owes as much to Fritz Mondale as Snow White ever owed to the Seven Dwarfs. Mr. Mondale has been the tactical and theological activist at the left side of Mr. Carter, speaking at every opportunity from the very womb of liberalism, to persuade American liberals that Carter is truly one of theirs. To ditch Mondale after such extreme unction would almost require that Mr. Carter be born yet again. On the other hand, there are factors that are dynamically positioned to help him out.

The first of these is that the forthcoming Democratic Convention desires to express itself in some way as a macho gathering. All the talk about transcending the plebiscitarian mandate that gave Carter an easy renomination is one part media-hype, one part the kind of catnip offered to delegates who understandably feel themselves to have become about as interesting as a computer printout.

So. What if President Carter, at an appropriate time before his own renomination, were to let it be known that as a gesture of humility he would *not* dictate the selection of his running-mate?

In such an event, I judge that a half-dozen dams would crumble, releasing pent-up political passions. One of these would be the desperate desire of Democratic regulars to reincorporate Kennedy into the formal camp. A second would be the gratification of the delegates, especially the Kennedy delegates. They would suddenly feel that all had not been for naught: that although they could not win their man the presidential nomination, they had got him further—by far—than Carter would ever have let him get if it had not been for Kennedy's perseverance during the primaries. And—third, to abbreviate the list—the Carter delegates would feel that this act of propitiation to the Kennedy-Left could mean the difference between a campaign destined to lose to Ronald Reagan—and victory. The Carter-Kennedy ticket could both maximize the chances of victory and diffuse the responsibility for losing. □



THE ELEVEN-FOOT POLE

New York, July 8—I forget the name of the comedian (was it Bert Lahr?) who left money in his will to provide 11-foot poles for people who couldn't touch something with a 10-foot pole, but his bequest comes repeatedly to mind when one reads that the U.S. "cannot afford" a defense establishment sufficient to effect our security. What we need is an 11-foot pole, but we can't get it unless we make the relevant calculations. These are that you *begin* by asserting the necessity to provide for the common defense, to use the preambular phrase from the Constitution of the United States, and you do what is then required. Ronald Reagan has been criticized for saying simultaneously that we need to spend more money on defense and that we need to cut taxes, on the implied grounds that the two objectives are incompatible. This becomes a technical argument over whether more revenues would flow into the treasury if taxes were reduced, and that argument is for another day. What rivets the attention is the easy-going assumption that we don't need to spend more money for defense.

You don't begin by saying: where's the money? You begin by saying: are we determined to effect the national security? It is very difficult to find anyone who answers that question in the negative, if you don't count the visionaries. You will always find a Leonard Bernstein or a George Wald or a Jane Fonda whose special tal-

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:nt in a field unrelated to common sense akes them to preposterous positions. And here is the school of thought that if there s enough explosive power in our armores to kill every Russian, then doesn't that ›rove that we are sufficiently armed?—an ıssumption akin to saying that if there is :nough arable land in the world, nobody vill starve.

Everybody else is agreed that the first :onsideration is: are we sufficiently armed? it is increasingly difficult to find qualified ›rofessionals who will answer that quesion in the affirmative. *The Economist* of London neatly demonstrated a few months ıgo that if the Soviet Union decided to narch into Iran the United States would ıot be in a position to stop it save by drenching the nation with atomic bombs; :hat is to say, we could not stop the Soviet Union save by Pyrrhic response.

But American determination to spend as required to provide for the common defense is psychologically related to America's determination to curb inflation: there is a structural gap between the resolution and the consummation. This is the gap we will need to fill by a substantial national debate. That debate on the one hand should stress the need to rearm, but should not be dominated by a mischievous defeatism that might prove provocative. If the Soviet Union hears it from us, over and over again, that we are not in a position to fight, the temptation increases to opportunize on our weakness. We are in a position to inflict mortal damage on the Soviet Union, and this we must not lose sight of. We are not in a position to challenge the Soviet Union with a flexibility that is consistent with our extreme desire to avoid nuclear war. It is that inflexibility, reflecting Soviet expenditures twice as great as our own during a period of 15 years, which is the concern of all Americans who wish to live peaceful lives, battling our own potential tyrants, rather than submitting to the established tyranny of the Communist powers.

THE SUBJECT will come up again and again ("Governor Reagan, how can you cut taxes and increase military expenditures?"). There is only one defensible answer, which is that the question is illegitimate. You provide for the common defense, period. After that, you concern yourself with other matters. Those other matters come up naturally. The reason to be prepared to fight for our freedom is that freedom is ours to enjoy. Freedom is inconsistent with high rates of taxation. The structure of the argument can only then emerge:

1. There is no such thing as an unbearable cost for providing for the national defense.

2. The nuclear alternative must be avoided not at all costs, but as anything save the last resort.

3. The question of how high taxes should be is arrived at only after taking into account the essential needs of a free republic.

4. The only absolutely essential need of a free republic is freedom. □

FAREWELL TO HARPER'S

Ponta Delgada, São Miguel, June 21—The lugubrious intelligence reaches us even in areas remote that *Harper's* magazine will close down, and even the fabled Azores High is dispirited by the news. As an editor of a journal of opinion which in a few months will be a quarter-century old, I express my sorrow with a special sense of fraternity: every (good) magazine's death diminishes me.

The economics of publishing serious journals is a problem that has risen from the vexatious to the menacing. As a magazine *Harper's* was serious, but not ponderous. Like most journals, it exhibited the strengths and the weaknesses of its editor. Lewis Lapham was given to a certain *Schadenfreude*, lasciviously enjoying the weaknesses of our society, and now and again adding to their number. But he was a splendid editor, with a keen appetite for good, pointed prose with something to say. He presided over a monthly founded in 1850. It is questionable whether there is a serious writer in American literary history who hasn't performed for *Harper's*—and yet, even with several hundred thousand subscribers, it was losing over a million dollars a year; and its owner, quite understandably, forswore continuing service as Maecenas to the serious readers of America.

Not long ago *Saturday Review* changed hands, and we learn that it too has been losing money—over a million dollars per year. *The New Republic* loses money, as does *The Nation* (its sometime publisher once told me that *The Nation always* lost money, even when, in its early years, it served as the primary vehicle for abolitionist thought, and you could pick it up for a nickel). NATIONAL REVIEW loses five hundred thousand clams a year. *Commonweal* and *America* lose money; *The New Leader* would be as surprised as the Secretary of the Treasury if its books ever balanced. *Esquire* changed hands twice because it lost money.

The historical predicament of the so-called little magazines (I say "so-called" because their readers are few in number—but often powerful in influence: Roosevelt's New Deal was a codification of the preceding week's editorial page of *The New Republic*, whose subscription level was 35,000) has always been acute, but the special virus of the day is the post office, which threatens the little magazines with genocide. It isn't merely that the cost of mailing a single issue has risen 300 per cent in six years. The cost of acquiring new subscribers rises proportionately, because new subscribers for the little magazines are normally seduced by direct mail. The cost of direct mail has risen proportionately.

And then there is the appalling performance of the post office. Publishers have no complaints against its performance that are in any way distinctive: the post office picks indiscriminately its victims. But little magazines pay out a fortune every year (*NR*, e.g., $250,000)—for a service that is one-half as reliable as it was when the annual bill was a fraction of that figure. And no one appears to have an answer to why it should be so. It is not an exaggeration that postal bills are doing more to kill off magazines than any other single cost, notwithstanding that most publishing costs (e.g., the price of paper) have risen at a rate far exceeding the cost-of-living index.

FROM time to time publishers mobilize to ask Congress for special treatment. It is—so the argument goes—a part of the overhead of an enlightened citizenry to subsidize the continuing higher education of the thoughtful class. Let there, then, be subsidies for the serious journals that cannot make it through advertising, even as public education is a public cost. That reasoning is, by nature, specious: even as federal subsidies of almost every sort are the result of specious reasoning. But even those who agree that public subsidies are not the indicated remedy share the frustration of the small publisher who has no alternative but to accept the impositions of the post office. The large journals can, up to a point, make their own arrangements—hire their own trucks, arrange for their own distribution points. These cost-savers are not available to those journals that have, say, 75 readers in Des Moines, Iowa: although to deprive those 75 of their journal would be to impoverish the city and, accordingly, the state and the Republic.

There should be a role here for private philanthropy. The great foundations could easily help sustain the journals whose products are the flora and fauna of the thoughtful members of society. Whether *Harper's* might have been saved by such an appeal one can't say. But its loss—one magazine less for our writers to write for—is greater by far than the loss merely to its readers. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Town in Kesteven, Eng.
130 120 15 1 110 66

B. Surrounded
144 17 113 55 223 231 87 3 180

C. City in N. Y. (secretaries would rather *learn to spell Troy*)
157 56 58 94 147 106 153 160 192 145 189

D. Town in Mountrail County, N. D.
191 112 33 206 19 117 137 182

E. Rebellious
41 136 197 25 115 88 20 164 232

F. A kind of pencil
59 194 5 129 21 118 67

G. City in Mifflin County, Penna.
140 22 6 90 135 124 177 170 72

H. Synonym of *special*
150 168 48 7 225 131 121 201

I. The ruination of many a statesman
97 29 50 74 78 4

J. Attacked by surprise
218 10 210 34 203 45 26 188

K. What Dela wore
230 126 133 221 167 35 27 171 13

L. Town in County Tyrone, No. Ire.
23 51 12 75 139 91 179 30 186

M. Fame
111 181 31 142 193 219

N. A white heron
114 216 36 184 169

O. What a layoff in a barbershop might be
44 60 71 99 84 93 28

P. What a bee might play
125 227 77 53 122 222 175

Q. U. S. agri. sec., 1929-33
134 8 96 161 128 151 214 119 156 61

R. A bay, Canada-U.S.A.
176 11 18 32 49 64 86 165 178 199 220 40 81

S. City in Dutchess County, N. Y.
47 83 14 43 70 57 80 89 127 100 146 152

T. In a backward direction
63 95 212 195 172 185

U. Town in Buchanan County, Iowa
92 211 46 62 24 38 162 213 73 79

V. A town in Baden-Wurttemberg
166 105 109 187 102 76 205 174 209

W. Suffixes used to denote persons, minerals and fossils, explosives and chemical compounds, and pharmaceutical and commercial products
68 138 103 123

X. Troubles
229 52 159 104 116 132 200 141 148 163 173 190

Y. A girl's name (Theodore reversed)
202 37 217 226 108 85 224

Z. Private or secret
101 39 143 65 196 54

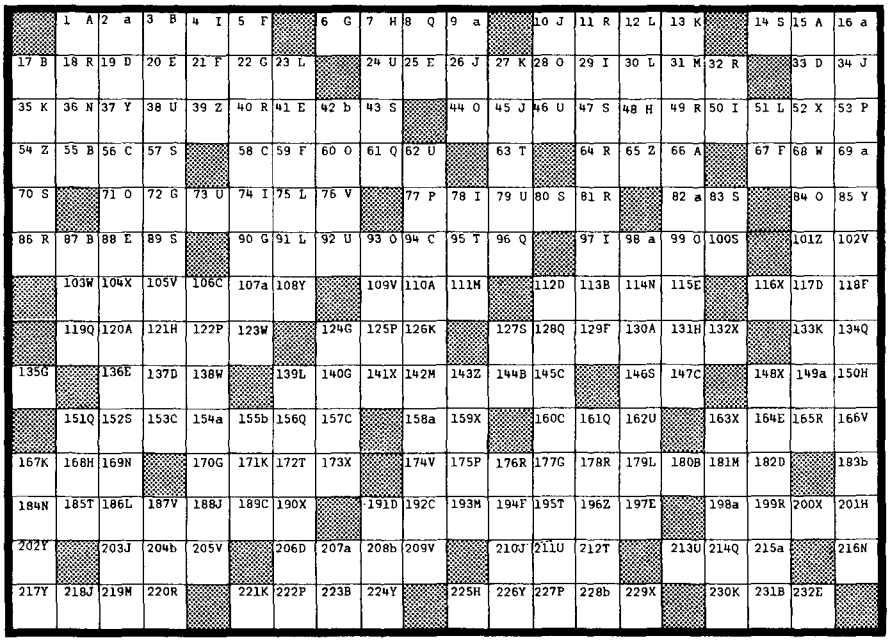
a. Town in Fla., county in Ga., and U. S. river
107 2 16 69 82 98 149 154 158 198 207 215 9

b. Part of what the colonel ate for lunch
183 204 155 42 208 228

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 918 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.

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